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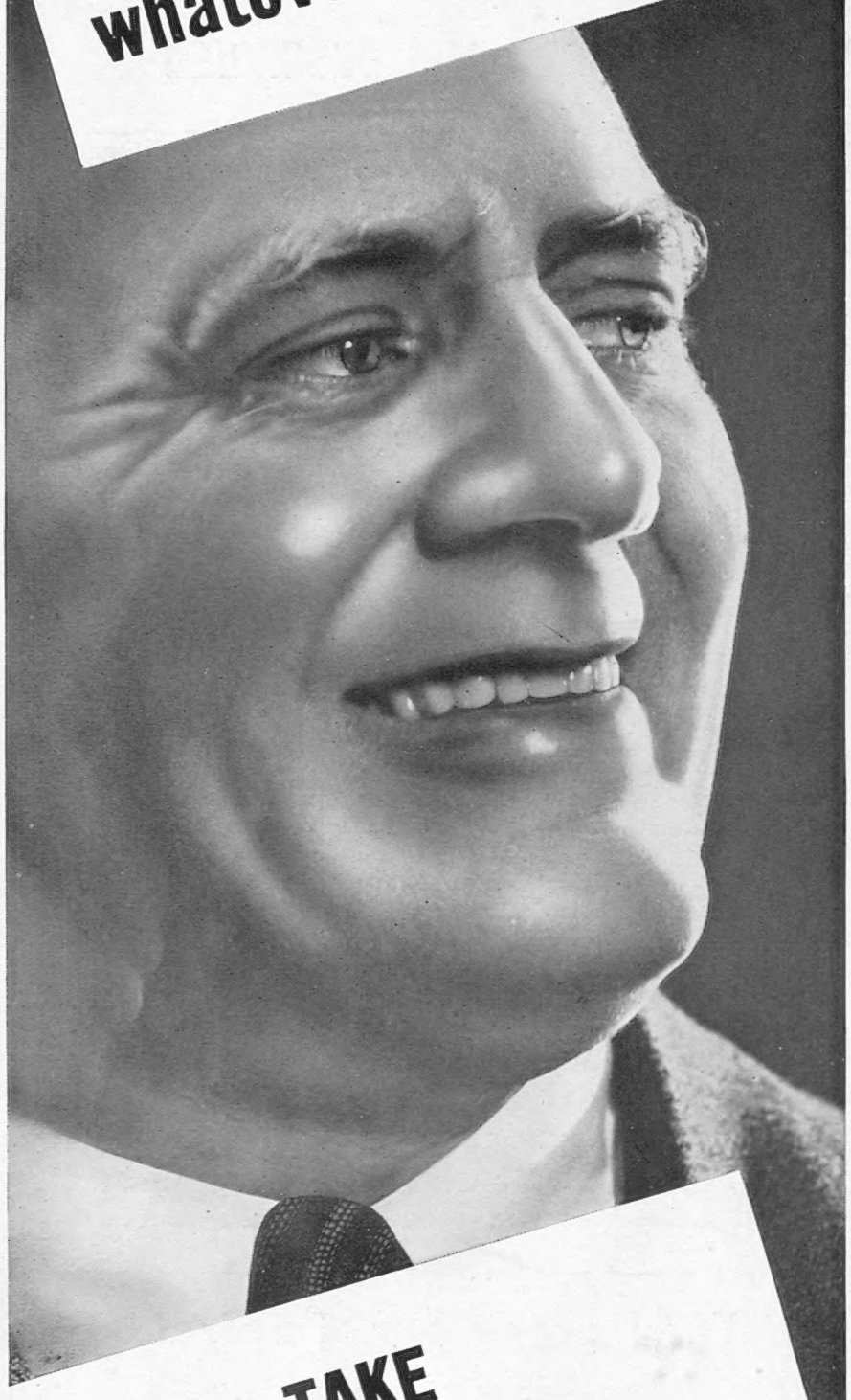

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 2, 1940

ITALY FOLLOWS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF GERMANY

Hitler and the King of Italy on Board the Italian Battleship "Cavour" During Manœuvres

At 3 a.m. on Monday morning, Italy delivered an ultimatum to Greece which it was impossible for that country to accept. Its terms did not make discussion possible. The joint necessities of the two Axis partners evidently demanded some action of this kind and in truculence, it may be said, the Roman demand rivals the technique of Berlin. The situation was admirably summed up by one newspaper in the following terms: "Treachery is so familiar a weapon of the Axis that the Greek Government can never have put any faith in the plighted word of Rome. For months past, moreover, the Duce has been rattling his sabre and putting forth one lie after another to frighten the Greek Government." The German swallowing of Rumania pointed to an Italian effort to devour Greece as the next performance of the junior partner. When the Führer met the Duce in Florence he had the satisfaction of hearing that Italian troops were already across the Greco-Albanian frontier and Italian aircraft had bombed Greek ports and aerodromes. The above picture was of course obtained some little time ago when Italy was unfolding before the Führer the might of the Italian Navy: now it may have to put its boasts into action

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 61

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

"ABSIT OMEN."—It is my prayer that in our domestic politics this war will not be like other wars. The history of the Four Years War in that sphere is a lamentable record of political vendettas, of personal intrigues, of manœuvring for place and power, of sackings and of hasty substitutions. For some months after the crisis of 1940 burst in its intensity upon us when France collapsed, we put ourselves into an unusual state of loyalty and faith in Mr. Churchill's Government, and it is a general hope that that loyalty may continue. We knew that it was made up of the best material quickly available. We accepted it as inevitable that it was composed of big men, mediocre men and one or two small men, drawn from each party. What would you? To-day in the ranks of the Cabinet and Ministry there are many men of moderate ability. Outstanding, there are two or three big men. Mr. Churchill has the confidence of the bulk of the country; he understands the public temper. He is dynamic, inspiring, courageous and calm, and has ceased to be boastful or provocative. He is a realist; which, taken with his other great qualities, implies neither optimism nor pessimism. Mr. Bevin is next to him in outstanding ability and drive. The position of the Socialist leaders to-day and to-morrow is so immensely strong (in the party sense) that (in the party sense again) they can afford to be generous. Every measure passed by the Government to-day is beyond the wildest expectations of the most advanced Socialist thinkers of 1938. So strong is its position that the cause of Socialism (as opposed to the most effective conduct of the war) cannot be prejudiced by the occupation of key posts in the Government by men of less proved ability. Whether or not improvements can be effected, Socialism must march on. Mr. Churchill is no obstacle in the way of the assured advance of Socialism in Britain in the coming years. Lord Beaverbrook stands out also in the Government for his driving power. Those powers may not keep step with national economy. By whatever means and at whatever cost (as formerly Mr. Lloyd George) Lord Beaverbrook gets the goods delivered. None of the outstanding men in the Government to-day can gain anything for the common cause, for themselves, or for any party which they may support, by pressing for more than departmental adjustments in Mr. Churchill's Government. Their own fame will rest on their loyal and devoted labours. It is my prayer that in the months ahead we shall hear no whisper of dissension or intrigue within the ranks of Government.

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.—Before I heard of Mr. Priestley's retirement from radio talking, I wrote a note of appreciation of his radio services. There is nothing to alter in that note now that I have heard his explanation of the reasons which led to his decision. His campaign was planned and based on convictions which very many of us share. First and last, his objective was to state, and prove, our determination to achieve at least one war and peace aim—to end here and now and for ever some of the shams and mean conventions which have hung on from a dead era—the age of privilege. Mr. Priestley made it clear that, after the collapse of France and the first realisation of our desperate plight, his hopes ran high that a nobler purpose in life had taken hold of us and would remain to inspire us as a nation. That hope burns lower in his heart to-day. The nation is still, and every day, showing its splendid virtues—of courage, endurance, unselfishness and devotion to duty, at any rate where the blows fall heaviest. Every one of us knows how insidious and strong are the voices that call us back to the dead past. It needs but two days of immunity from expectation of sudden death—two chance days—to bring back those selfish preoccupations with our personal aspirations. Mr. Priestley in his experience as a popular radio talker found out this sad truth, and it has disappointed him. There is some colour for our anxiety lest the evils of 1916–18 are repeated in 1940–41 in political and social life.

TO KEEP OUR SANITY.—A lady came down the other day to speak to our Women's Institute. She chose for her subject the need for variation in our daily meals within the limits imposed by rationing, and in her discourse she made the wise point that the need was not less urgent to vary, with our available means, the daily fare of our minds. In war almost every constructive interest is left in abeyance. The whole energy of the nation is concentrated on producing or combating things destined to destroy or to be destroyed. It is not possible for thinking men and women to get through this winter, and this war, without some loss of sanity if the daily fare of their minds is to be details of destruction alone. We *must* keep constructive interests alive; the arts and the graceful occupations of peace *must* be kept going, and we must fight this war with both eyes on victory and both eyes on peace. So it is that I welcome and warm to any mention in the press—there is all too little on the air—of the arts of peace. Reports of concerts held, reviews of new books and plays, critiques of art shows (e.g., Brighton's current exhibition of the work of modern painters), educational exhibitions (e.g., the Bodleian's exhibition of "Children's games through the ages"), gardening talks and nursery gardeners' advertisements, yes, and articles and reports on games and sport. *This* way is the way of sanity; *that* way madness lies. We must (and can) finish the game of bowls *and* beat the Dons.

HOME OF THE HOLLANDS.—Among the human tragedies which spring daily from the imbecility and bestiality of modern war, loss of treasure, traditions and works of art may not rank high. Such losses are none the less poignant, and among them the destruction of most of Holland House is one of the most grievous to me. "London's own Manor House," the last of her great private palaces, the most rural of all her inner green spaces, a shrine of English political and social history, it is gone beyond recall. After 335 years of remarkable continuity as a family home in occupation, Cope Castle, as it was first called, was begun under the direction of John Thorpe to the order of Sir Walter Cope. Its long history has been well told by its present owner, Lord Ilchester. It has known neglect and almost ruin before this time. It has been kept intact until 1940 by infinite labour and expenditure by Copes, Riches, Foxes and Fox-Strangways. In 1800, the old house had nearly attained to its present state of ruin by the action of underground water. "Walls gaped, floors sagged and a hearthstone stood on end." It was almost resolved to pull it down. But wiser counsels prevailed, and a generation later the house was the "home of the Whigs" and the epicentre of social life in London. Macaulay was among the last of those who helped to make the brilliance of its great days. Writing exactly 100 years ago, he half prophesied its doom within a generation—not by the hands of German vandals indeed, but by the hands of estate speculators and jerry builders. He was wrong. For another full century it dispensed hospitality and fostered culture. But now Holland House has gone the way of all flesh and the works of men's hands, and, at the best, we shall henceforth recognise its site from a part only of its graceful brown façade. What comfort can we take to our hearts? . . . Only this:—Other documents—more splendid and more national—will take its place among the proofs of our civic greatness and traditions; those many documents which will tell posterity of the courage and endurance of the citizens of London, of every class and kind, in the severest test that ever came upon the Great City.

THOUGHTS ON MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.—"We are not fighting the German people." "We shall make a peace at last of which no spirit of bitterness or vengeance will govern the terms." These and other high-sounding sentiments were expressed in our early essays—before the war really began—at "stating our peace aims." And I got into hot water (as a cynic and sorry Christian) when I expressed doubts whether, when the bitter business started in earnest, we should be able to maintain that magnanimous and Christian ideal. All wars breed bitterness and the spirit of revenge. That is indeed the essential point in the futility of war as a means of securing lasting peace. In the clamour for retaliation on the cities of Germany in kind—that is, attempting to raze them to the ground—the inevitable spirit is already in evidence, albeit it is wisely resisted by our Government and military leaders. Could it be otherwise? While the Nazi air attacks have failed to arrest our war production, our overseas trade, our military efforts, our communications and food supplies, and most of all our determination and confidence and morale, it has brought a hideous toll week by week of death and maiming to thousands of innocent men, women, and children; it has rendered thousands more homeless, laid waste hundreds of homes and destroyed a wealth of treasure in architecture and other arts, some of them with historic traditions of supreme national value. The Nazi methods only steel our spirit to endure and conquer, but demands for punishment and vengeance are the springs of that resistance. St. Paul's, Holland House, the irreplaceable glories and relics of the Middle Temple Hall, of which Shakespeare trod the boards, a score of glorious churches and cathedrals and shrines, historic palaces, splendid squares, these examples of the wanton destruction cry out to those who are not yet personal victims of Nazi barbarity that the German race is not yet fit to take a part in the reconstruction of a decent world order, and reject as impossible and unthinkable any argument for a peace by negotiation between the nations at war. *Il faut en finir* was the facile slogan with which France entered the war half-heartedly, and the slogan operated all too quickly in a manner not foreseen by its coiners. *Il faut en finir* is, none the less, the unspoken and grim slogan of Britons to-day and no peace which leaves the German people in any posture to resume after a breathing space the monstrous bestialities of their Hun ancestors will satisfy the British Empire to-day or to-morrow.

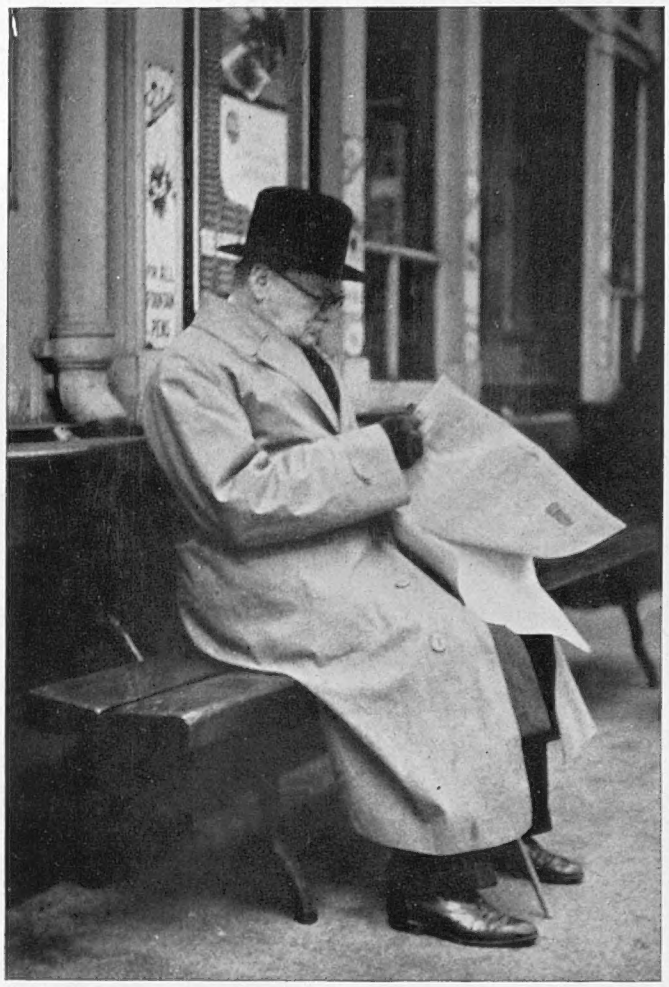
BRITAIN'S NEW AIR CHIEF TAKES OVER: Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal arriving at the Air Ministry to take over his new post as Chief of Air Staff in succession to Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall. His first appointment was with the Prime Minister and with the War Cabinet to discuss plans to fight the German Air Force both offensively and defensively during the coming winter and (so it is rumoured) to outline his plans for larger scale bombing operations over Germany

MY CLUB.—Without giving away military secrets, I may release the news, which every schoolboy knows, that my club situated in an unspecified part of N.S.E.W. London received the other day a heavy egg from the sky and has been put out of full commission pro tem. It was built by a great architect in gracious days and it had one room which to me and to many seemed to document that gracious age. And now it is out of commission, and before the war ends may, for all I know, be a ruin. For some years it has been a second home to me; of late the only home I had in London. It combined dignity and quiet with economy, and tradition with modern conditions. To-day it is partly a ruin and may become a total ruin in the chances of modern savagery. Can philosophy give me comfort? If I reflect, holding before me the mirror of truth and economic facts, I can comfort myself with the thought that it was ruined for me before ever that bomb struck it. We are done with such luxuries as these, bombs or no bombs. After this war a man of my sort no longer will be able to pay £16 to £20 a year for the privilege of a weekly luncheon among his friends or the pleasantest form of a night's lodging once a month. For that subscription in naked truth adds 10s. a time to every 3s. luncheon he eats in his club. That graceful building may, sadly altered, become one day a Government office or an insurance company's headquarters. It is, in truth, a salutary shock—selfishly speaking. It brings home to me a sad reality—which we must all appreciate as quickly as we can—that our past is buried already, and that the manner of our lives henceforth, until we too are buried, must be so utterly different from what we have grown used to; nothing will link 1938 with 1941 or 1942. But that is not to say that the material losses in the essentials of human happiness will be heavy. We must readjust our minds to new standards.

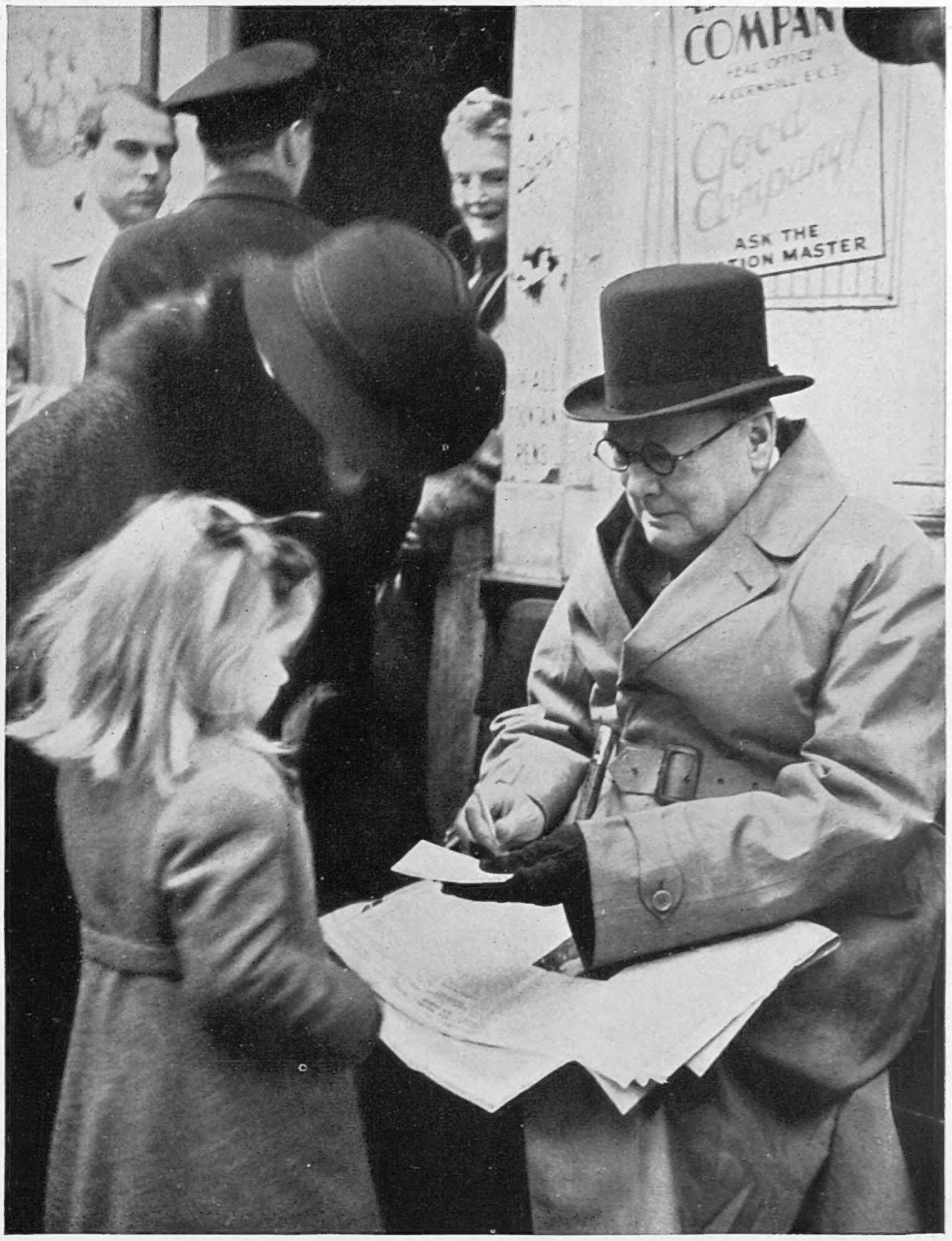
THE OLD STAGER

THE PRIME MINISTER IN SCOTLAND

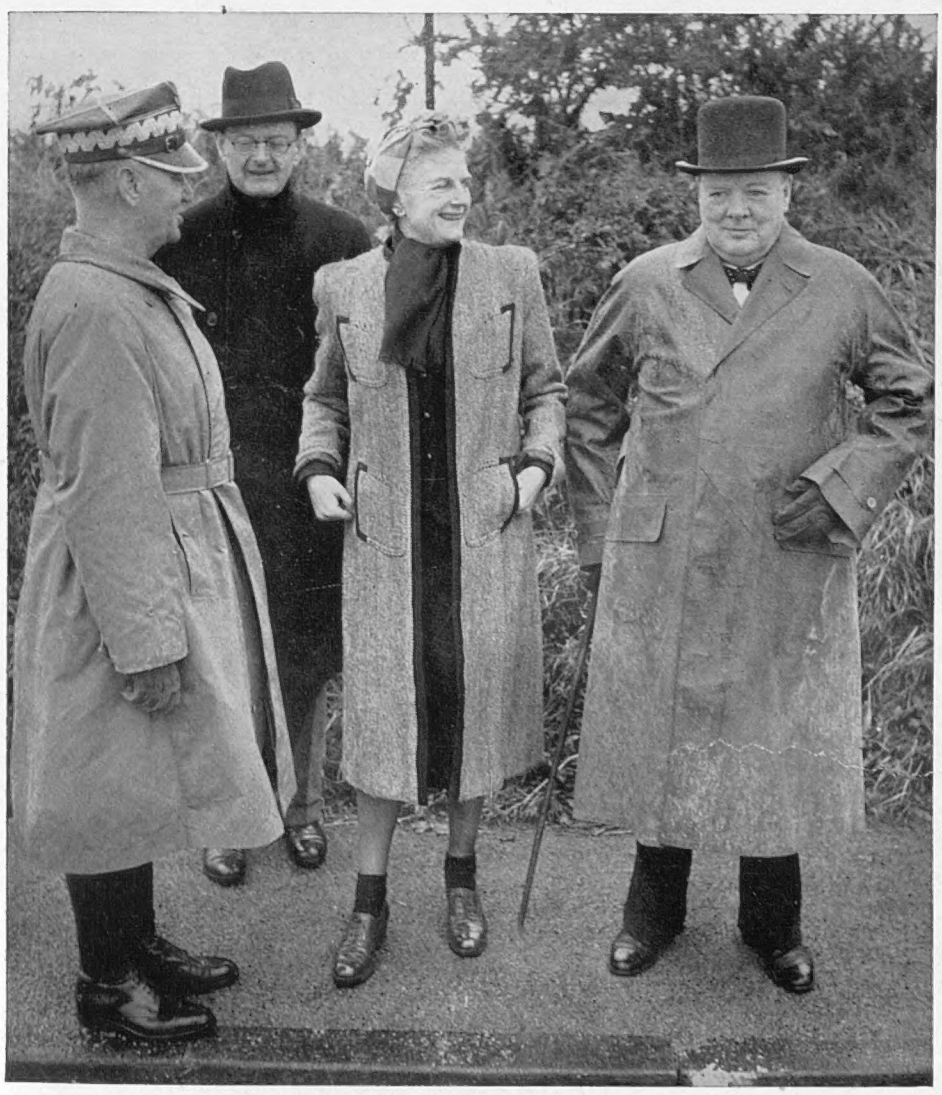
Pictures of Mr. Churchill's Tour of Inspection of Scottish Defences



WAITING ON THE PLATFORM FOR HIS TRAIN: Mr. Churchill reads how the war is going during a pause in his tour of East Scotland



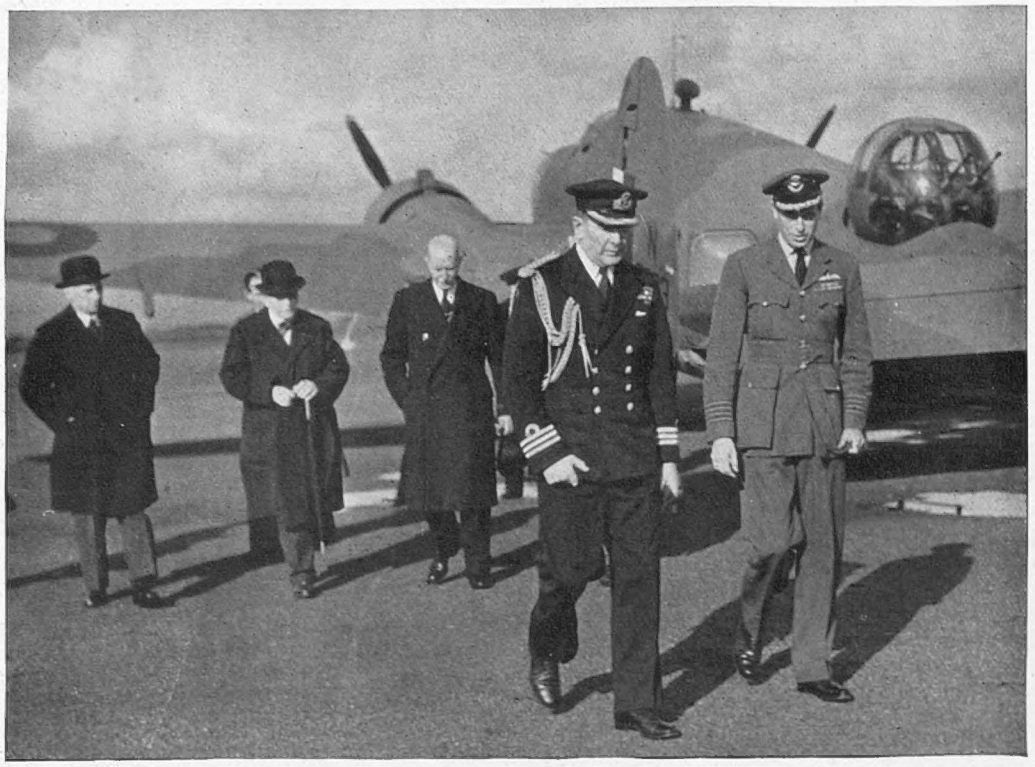
THE PRIME MINISTER OBLIGES WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH: Mr. Churchill signs the book of a little Scots girl as he sets out on his return journey to London. Mrs. Churchill can be seen in the background



A PICTURE TAKEN IN THE RAIN: Mr. and Mrs. Churchill with General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, who conducted the British Prime Minister on his tour of the Polish forces in East Scotland. With the party was the Polish Ambassador, Count Raczynski

IN EAST SCOTLAND—POLISH TROOPS BEING INSPECTED BY THE PREMIER DURING HIS TOUR: Mr. Winston Churchill paid a visit to East Scotland on Wednesday of last week. There he visited Polish troops, inspected East Coast defences and toured a naval establishment. With him was Mrs. Churchill, General Sir John Dill (Chief of the Imperial General Staff), and General Ismay. General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, met him and accompanied him during his inspection of the Polish troops. He was given an enthusiastic reception at different points of his tour. Later General Sikorski announced in a communiqué issued from his Headquarters that the first Polish Army Corps in Scotland have taken over a sector of the Scottish coast in the coastal defence scheme

THE DUKE of KENT VISITS ULSTER



THE DUKE OF KENT PAYS A VISIT TO LOYAL NORTH IRELAND: Ulster has in every way been demonstrating its whole-hearted participation in the war against Hitlerism. In this it is one with Britain. The Duke of Kent's visit of inspection of Ulster's war effort was therefore very welcome. He is here seen walking from his plane on arrival at a Northern Ireland base, in company with Commander Henderson

THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF KENT IN NORTHERN IRELAND: This house party group, which was taken at the luncheon given to the Duke of Kent at "Glencraig," includes from left to right (front row) Lord Craigavon, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Duke of Kent, Lady Craigavon, Master R. Linzee, Lady Glentoran. Standing are Lord Glentoran, Lieutenant Loother, Sir Basil Brooke, Bart., Mrs. D. Parker, and Major-General Sir William Thompson

Above—The Duke of Kent chatting with the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava who was busily engaged serving naval men in a canteen when the Duke arrived. *On left*—The Duchess of Kent pays a visit to Scottish Wrens

FROM THE FLYING

WOMEN FERRY PILOTS FOR THE R.A.F.: Miss Pauline Gower, the daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., and other members of the Air Transport Auxiliary are here seen leaving an Anson plane used as a link for taking them to factories and aerodrome

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR CONGRATULATES CZECHO-SLOVAK OFFICERS: HE SPOKE TO EACH PILOT AND THEN ADDRESSED THEM GENERALLY, CONVEYING THE COUNTRY'S GRATITUDE FOR THEIR SPLENDID SERVICES

WORLD: Women Ferry Pilots, and Czech Airmen Thanked

where they pick up advanced training planes and fly them to various aerodromes. Miss Gower, who is in the centre of the group, has a score of women pilots associated with her. The kit worn by the women pilots shows what is known as diversity in uniformity

Following the signing of the Anglo-Czechoslovak military agreement, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, inspected and thanked a Czechoslovak squadron serving with the Royal Air Force which has distinguished itself in the defence of this country

INTERNATIONAL: News from America, Unoccupied France and from Czech Circles

CONSCRIPTION COMES TO THE U.S.A.: President Roosevelt is here seen at the moment of signing the Conscription Bill at the White House. At the same time the President issued a proclamation setting October 16 as the registration day for all men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five inclusive. Grouped around the President, from left to right, are—Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson; Representative Andrew J. May, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee; U.S. Chief of Staff George Marshall; and Senator Morris Sheppard, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee

THE CZECHOSLOVAK INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATED IN LONDON: Dr. E. Benes, the President of the Republic which was so cruelly carved up piece by piece by Germany, delivered an address at the Czech Legation in London at the beginning of this week on this day of traditional celebration

M. LAVAL BECOMES FOREIGN MINISTER: At the beginning of last week-end the news from France contained many statements concerning the fortunes of the Vichy party. M. Laval's visit to Herr Hitler in Paris was fraught with danger to Free France; he returned as Foreign Minister in place of M. Baudoin. The new "collaboration" with Germany has left the French people bewildered, but the Vichy Radio thought everything was for the best if a loyal acquiescence with the new Hitler order was preserved

ITALY AND GREECE

Greece Refuses the Italian Ultimatum, Declarin

THE GREEK ARMY

KING GEORGE OF GREECE WITH HIS ARMY DURING LARGE-SCALE MANŒUVRES: The dress of the Greek officer is British in design; cap, tunic, leather belt, knee breeches, and high boots all show a distinct appreciation of the British officer's style of kit. King George is here seen talking to a soldier, who is practising taking the quick, temporary cover which the rocky nature of the Greek terrain affords to infantry

A MODERN ROAD ON THE WAY TO CORINTH: The rocky and hilly nature of the greater part of Greece offers a material impediment to rapid penetration. Roads are nearly always hilly, and horse-back pace only amounts to about 3 m.p.h. in the rougher parts of the country. The railway system, too, is not very extensive

GREEK ARTILLERY SPOTTERS AT WORK: One outstanding divergence from British kit is the helmet. In general outline it recalls an old-time surgeon's cupping bowl; but it has the great advantage of protecting the back of the neck. There can be little doubt that, from the points of view of valour and determination and endurance the individual Greek soldier is far better equipped that the Italian

WHERE THE ITALIAN-ALBANIAN PASSES LEAD INTO GREECE: A thrust towards Athens would lead through a mass of broken hilly country; a push towards the tempting port of Salonika seems a much less difficult objective. There is, in fact, a railway from Monastir to the port; there is none towards Athens. A tangled mass of hills surrounds Yanina. There is a road leading south to Arta—none direct to Athens. Trikkala and Larissa are linked by rail with Athens

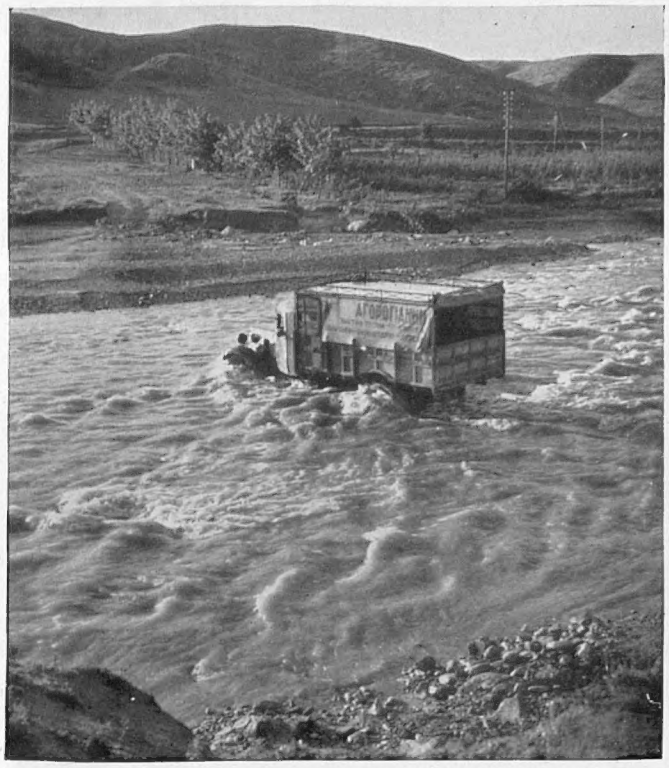
THE GREEK ARTILLERY ON MANŒUVRE: Infantry are here assisting the gunners in hitching a gun to a big caterpillar tractor lorry. It still remains to be seen how quick and mobile the Greek artillery proves itself to be. Success in countering an invasion often seems to depend on extreme gun mobility; in the rocky mountain passes of Greece and in the hilly country generally, this may be very difficult of achievement. But, equally, the free movement of the Italians will be similarly hampered

A STRANGE MAP IN ROME: This big map was intended to show the movements of the Italian Army on the Libyan frontier. The tinted area in the bottom centre of the map is somewhat of a puzzle

On the left is shown one of the big maps which Rome likes to exhibit from time to time. On this occasion it was a huge map of N.E. Africa, which will doubtless soon be replaced by one of Albania or Greece

AT WAR, OCTOBER 28, 1940

Her Intention to Fight for Her Independence



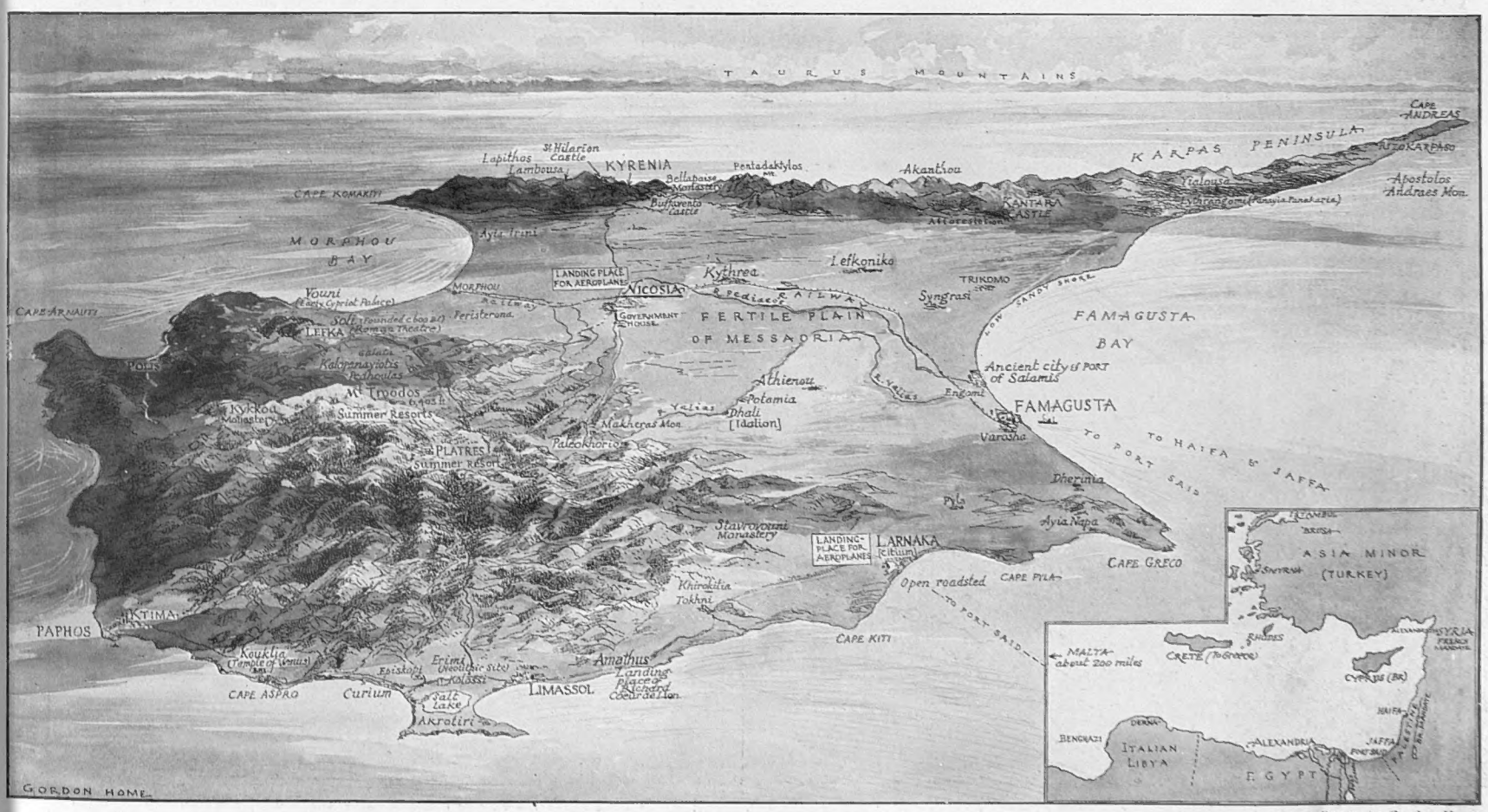
AN EXAMPLE OF THE ROUGHER TRAVELLING IN GREECE: The road leads down to the edge of the rushing stream. The lorry makes the best of its way over the rocky bed, climbs the ridges on the opposite bank and proceeds along the road track which bends away to the right. This scene is typical of the greater part of the country which cannot be cultivated. Only about 20 per cent. of the surface can be brought under the plough

The long deferred attack upon Greece by Italy took place on Monday. An ultimatum was delivered by Italy at 3 a.m. It followed some very serious incidents such as the torpedoing, at anchor, of the Greek cruiser *Hélle* and the air bombing of the Greek destroyers engaged in convoying pilgrims to the island of Tenos, both evidently very unfortunate "mistakes," borne with calmness by Greece. The Italian ultimatum was quite unacceptable and Greece mobilised her defence forces. The Italians are reported to have at present in Albania ten or eleven divisions of troops, together with some auxiliary troops, totalling 200,000 men in all. These include one armoured division and one Alpine division. The bulk of this force would be available for the invasion of Greece. No reinforcements have recently been added. The troops now concentrated there have been in Albania for some time. Stores of food and ammunition have been accumulated in advanced bases, so that sea communications with Italy are not immediately essential. The biggest concentration of Italian troops was reported to be at Argyrocastro and the second largest at Koritza

THE ITALIAN NAVY

WILL IT STEAM SOUTH DOWN THE ADRIATIC TO ASSIST THE ARMY? The question at once suggests itself. Obviously the Italian Navy should assist the Army in its work of penetrating the hilly country, where shore roads are frequent. The Italian Fleet has been moored for a considerable time within safe Adriatic roadsteads. Its participation in the new development of the war will be watched with interest

THE ITALIAN FLEET AT DURAZZO, THE ALBANIAN PORT WHERE TROOPS HAVE DOUBTLESS BEEN LANDED: Here is the Italian destroyer *Libra* backing out from the quays at Durazzo, the port of Albania, which will prove to be a busy spot if the conflict develops on a big scale



Drawn by Gordon Home

THE NEAREST BRITISH TERRITORY TO THE NEW SCENE OF WAR

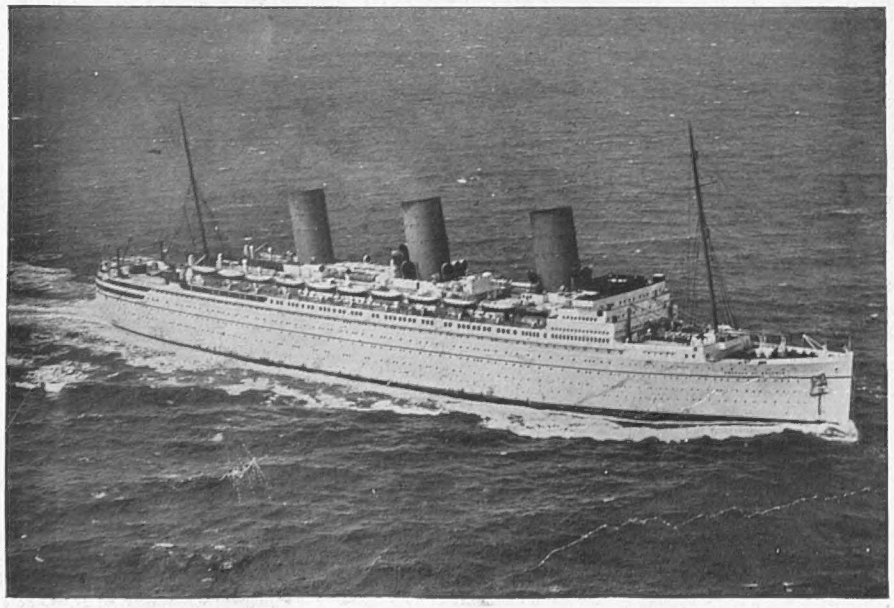
The island of Cyprus is the nearest British territory to the new scene of actual and declared warfare. A large part of the island is rocky, especially towards the South, where the summer resorts are situated. Another ridge of hills runs from West to East along the Northern shore. The fertile part of the island is in the East central portion; it is traversed by a railway which connects the port of Famagusta with Nicosia, the capital, and with Morphou on the opposite side of the island

FROM LAND and SEA

The Navy Among the Hedgerows

THE NAVY GOES TRAMPING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR HEALTH'S SAKE: There are many unexpected apparitions in the country lanes these days, and here is one, a long, apparently endless line of naval men marching with the easy swing one associates with the Navy

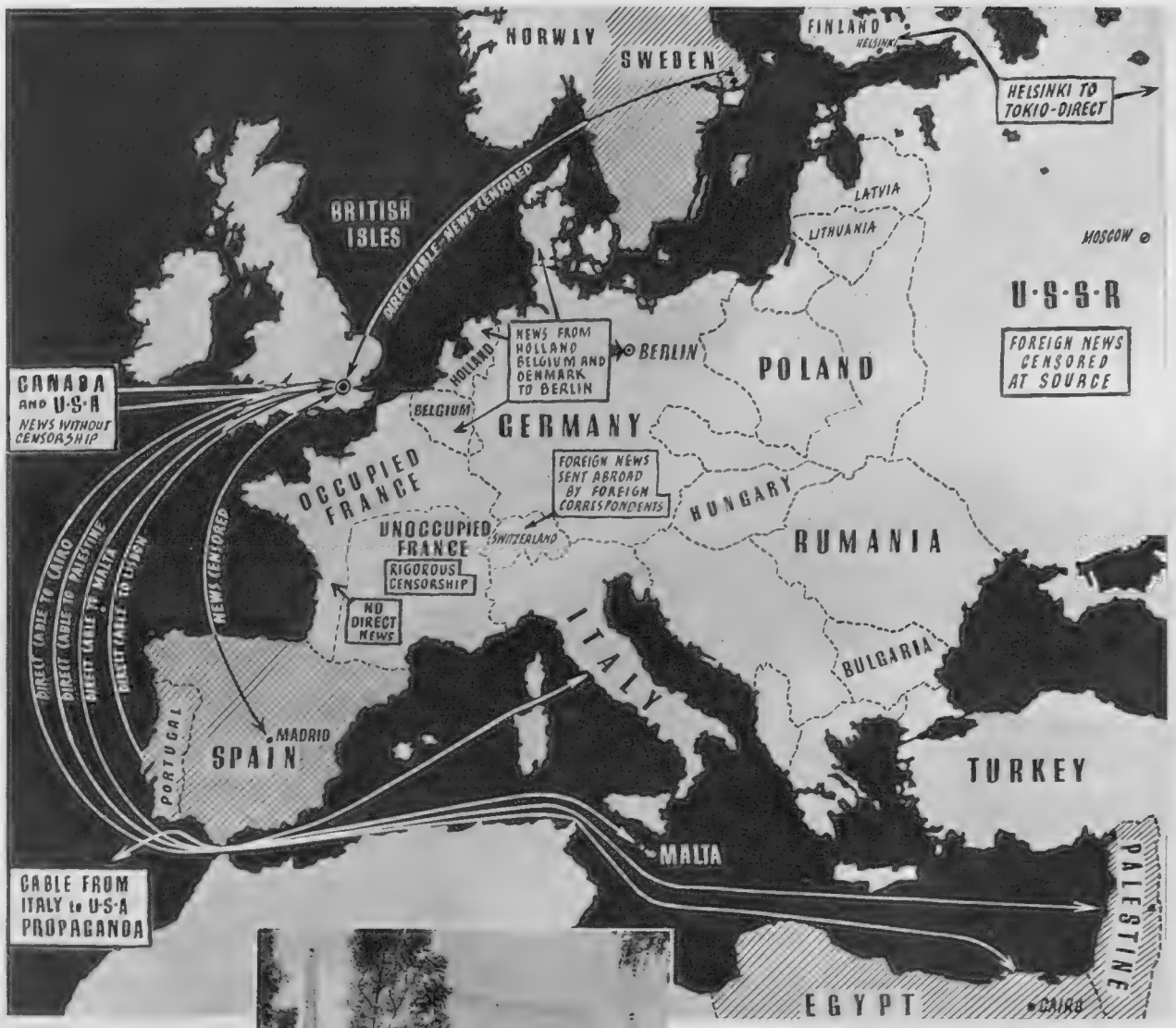
A TOWN WITH A TREBLED POPULATION GOES TO MARKET: Some idea of how the housewives have left the intensively bombed areas can be judged from this picture taken at a small town which has now three times its normal population



THE GIANT LINER "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" SUNK BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT: A few days ago the *Empress of Britain*, the huge £3,000,000 liner which brought back Their Majesties from Canada last year, was attacked by a German plane which succeeded in dropping several bombs on to the great ship, which caught fire and ultimately sank. This unfortunate incident took place about 150 miles from land; time 8.30 a.m.; loss of life not great

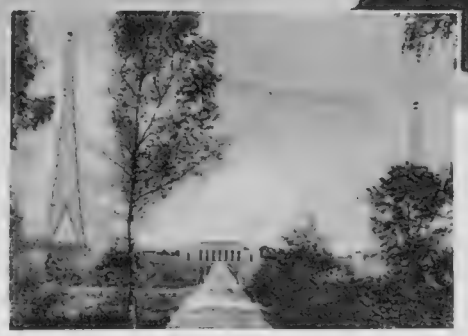
MAINTAINING THE EXPORT TRADE—THE RADIO AND GRAMOPHONE INDUSTRIES' EFFORTS: From the outbreak of war the radio and gramophone industries turned with marked success to munitions production, at the same time maintaining export trade. Some familiar overseas markets have naturally been lost, but others, from which Germany, Italy, and enemy-occupied countries are cut off, are being opened up. British radio sets, gramophones, and records are going to Mediterranean and even Central European countries. This export trade is fostered by the Radio Manufacturers War Export Group. Mr. Clive Baillieu, executive member of the Export Council of the Board of Trade, is seen visiting a busy factory

THE NEED FOR NEW SHIPPING: Ceaselessly the shipping yards are at work replacing losses with new keels. The Minister of Shipping has just been paying a visit of personal inspection to shipping yards in the North. Mr. Ronald Cross is standing on the deck of a new ship while the hydraulic riveters are creating the merry din which is music in the ears of the shipbuilders



A GRAPHIC PRESENTATION OF THE NEWS SITUATION IN EUROPE AT THE PRESENT TIME SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE"

A great extent of Europe at the present time is under the grip of enemy or neutral censorship. There is no direct news at all from certain countries. There are, however, direct cable connections with some five or six areas, and these are shown by a straight-line tint



SWEDEN is a more or less open door for the transmission of news by cable and wireless. There is a cable direct from Sweden through the Kattegat to this country. Above is a view of Motala broadcasting station; all broadcasts from foreign countries are carefully noted in London

"FLASH." "Berlin—Japan signed alliance with Germany and Italy."

John Smith of Balham may rarely pause over his breakfast cereal to consider the matter, but much effort went into the process of putting before him that and the myriad other reports of the world's doings which daily fill the British press.

Difficulties due to censorship and roundabout communications make many an editor sigh for those distant days when he had hardly time to light a cigarette between putting in a call and getting a European capital on the line. On September 3, 1939, it was goodbye to all that, but substitutes for direct telephonic or telegraphic communication with Europe were so quickly found that there was no noticeable interruption in the flow of news to London.

The lines to Germany were cut on the outbreak of war and, successively, to the countries Germany conquered, but neutral correspondents in Berlin could telephone news to Amsterdam or Copenhagen—they still can telephone Berne or Stockholm—where British correspondents can obtain it and forward it to London. There has been no obstacle to the fast transmission of news from enemy territory beyond the normal time required for such transmission. Nor, in general, does censorship involve delay, as will be seen later.

The spread of Nazidom, raising a barrier of hostile territory between Britain and the Old World, has, however, made the telephone virtually useless for international news transmission and the field has been left to the cables and wireless. The Germans have not been able to cut in on our cables as they cut out our phones. With Spain and Portugal, Gibraltar and Malta, Palestine, Egypt, Greece and Turkey, there is normally contact by cable, constant if sometimes slow, with London. Delay is usually due to heavy official business or censorship and I have known a cable to take as long as 15 hours to reach London from Alexandria and four days from Australia. There is good, independent wireless contact with Switzerland, surrounded by the totalitarians, and one can easily get by cable or wireless geographically behind the Axis to the Balkan capitals. In Northern Europe, isolated Sweden normally has an independent Westward cable channel which runs into the Kattegat from Goteborg to Newbiggin, near Newcastle, without touching the other, now Nazi-controlled Scandinavian countries. From Goteborg, in the opposite direction, the line goes to Stockholm, whence there is direct contact with Helsinki, and from Helsinki to Tokyo via Moscow and Vladivostok. At the Tokyo end of this cable, one of the world's longest, there is a branch to Hong Kong. On a single line serving so many points, however, messages can be much delayed.

Newspapers and news agencies also rely on the news bulletins broadcast by the various European radio stations, most of them either State owned or officially inspired. Fleet Street has elaborate wireless offices, chiefly in the country where reception is good. Staffs of linguists listen in to all foreign news bulletins. Marshal Pétain's decision to ask for an armistice, for instance, first reached the world through Radio Bordeaux.

In enemy territory, where British correspondents cannot work, the wireless is a valuable news source. The German and Italian announcers are constantly on the air delivering a mass of propaganda from which a news picture of the day's events in the Axis countries can be drawn. From enemy and enemy-controlled countries, there is, in addition to their own wireless news, an important second source, the reports made available by neutral, chiefly American, correspondents.

The Germans and Italians, for their own propaganda purposes, have maintained direct cable and wireless contact with the Americas and thousands of words cross the Atlantic twice to reach the newspapers of Britain from the big agencies like the Associated Press which maintain correspondents in Berlin, Rome, and at other enemy points. Their news can be flashed 6,000 miles to New York and back to London in a matter of minutes. The cables are buzzing and the tape machines are clattering with it around the clock.

Such news from Berlin and Rome goes by direct wireless to New York or is telephoned to the Berne office of the agency or paper concerned which relays it to the U.S.A. by wireless. The Berne route may be used when there is wireless delay, or when the Berlin correspondent wishes to pass on his news to his Rome colleague at the same time, using his Berne man as both liaison and transmitting point. By wireless or telephone, transmission is normal. News from Germany and Italy can, of course, be obtained secondhand in Switzerland by British correspondents and wirelessed to London.

American correspondents are still in Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam, but they have to airmail their dispatches to Berlin and pass them through one censor at the point of origin

Piercing the Fog of Silence and Misrepresentation

How Foreign News from Europe Reaches War-Girt Britain

By JAMES C. OLDFIELD

(News Editor of the Associated Press)

and another in the German capital. This involves days of delay.

Censorship ranges from a blanket of fearful silence to the "censorship of responsibility" imposed on American correspondents in enemy and enemy-occupied countries. Most countries bar military information, demanding that reporters be "impartial." Correspondents have been expelled from Germany and Italy for failing to bow to this demand. Censorship may defeat its object since news will often trickle out from one country to another where it becomes public. Suspicions aroused by the silence in Holland after the Germans cut off that country resulted in disclosure by Berlin that anti-German demonstrations had occurred. Sooner or later the big news gets out.

Here are the various systems:

Germany and Italy.—Foreign correspondents under the "censorship of responsibility" are free to send what they wish, but must conform to official versions of events such as air raids and must not attack the German or Italian Governments in a manner which these latter might consider damaging or untruthful. American correspondents are there to report what the Nazis and Fascists are doing and saying. Much of their news is made available to them by D.N.B., the *Deutsches Nachrichten Buro* (German Official News Agency), and the Propaganda Ministry. The main job of German censorship is a careful inspection of the reports as published, carried out by German or Italian embassy officials in the country of publication. The correspondent thus has to be ever wary. He knows he may be expelled if he writes stories displeasing to the Nazis and Fascists, but the Nazis and Fascists, unlike the Ministry of Information in London, do nothing to help him.

The Soviet Union.—Censorship here is exercised through control of the issue of news at its source and the dispatches of foreign correspondents are carefully examined. Matter already published in the Soviet press, even when critical of Soviet events, is allowed transmission.

Occupied Countries.—No official censorship, but a pall of silence. Correspondents from Berlin are occasionally taken on tours organised by the Propaganda Ministerium and can write uncensored dispatches about what they are shown, but their experience seems to be that people under military rule have not much to say.

Unoccupied France.—War-time censorship, about which so much has been written as a contributory cause of the collapse of France, is little, if at all, modified.

The Balkan States.—Censorship in varying degrees of strictness is applied, sometimes quite haphazardly, in the Balkan area.

Japan, Spain, Portugal and Switzerland maintain censorship. Of the four, the Swiss, like the Swedish, is the lightest, designed to arrest dispatches which might not be pleasing to powerful neighbours.

BERLIN BROADCASTS A NEWS SERVICE from its big stations (above is an interior view at Zeesen, near Berlin), and although much may be pure propaganda, there occur references to certain matters which are worth noting and collating, and Fleet Street has elaborate methods of listening-in

THE CITY OF ATHENS SEEN FROM THE PHILOPAPPOS HILL: The view from this point is one of the finest to be obtained anywhere in Athens. Rising before one is the great rock mass of the Acropolis, on which stands the most perfectly designed of the Greek temples, the Parthenon, the lines of which are gently curved, so that any optical distortions are obviated. The first Panathenaic Festival took place in 438 B.C., soon after the completion of the Temple. The building suffered by time and the accidents of war, but has in recent years been largely reconstructed, the old drums being used to re-erect the fallen columns. Beyond the rock lies the modern city of Athens spread out on the Attic plain and containing the old Royal Palace which was converted some few years ago into a Parliament Building, the City Hall, museums, banks, school, and other public buildings. The whole lies in a plain surrounded by hills, a very well-known one being Lycabettus, from which a reverse view of the city is obtained to that shown here. The Pnyx Hill on the left was famous as the spot from which Athenian orators addressed their heroes. The hill of Areopagus was still more famous as the scene of a High Court which tried all cases concerning life and death. Here Pericles pleaded for and saved Aspasia; here Socrates was sentenced to death and here St. Paul preached to the Athenians, making reference to the Altar to the unknown God.

Above—**MODERN GREEK ARTILLERY** passing the new monument to King Constantine in the "Champs de Mars" of Athens. *Below*—**THE HUGE STONE-BUILT STADIUM** in which are held modern Sports Contests and Festivals in which ancient games and dances are recreated

IT was in the middle of August that Italy suddenly started a violent press campaign against Greece, accusing her of being "an open accomplice" of Great Britain and of various injuries to Albania. On this thin excuse Italian troops began massing on the Greco-Albanian frontier, seeking to frighten Greece into meek submission. Greece, however, remained calm and, with quiet dignity disclaimed any cause for the agitation in Italy. She refused to renounce the British guarantee of support if she were attacked and made preparations to resist aggression.

The great question before the Greek Government was whether support would be forthcoming from Turkey who was only bound to a benevolent neutrality. Turkey evidently hesitated at first but the increasing power of the British Navy and Air Force in the East, who had promised immediate aid, seems to have satisfied her that it would be safe for her to send military support. General Papagos is Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army, while Admiral Cawadias is in command of the Navy, which has been modelled on the British method. It was obvious to the Greek Government that the Italian Navy could not face the British, and the prowess of the R.A.F. in Libya roused admiration, encouraging them in their determination.

Thousands of Italian troops gathered on the frontier, and abuse flowed from the Italian press. There were rumours of specific demands from the Duce, which insisted upon the giving up of the British guarantee, the surrender of Corfu, and the cession of territory to Albania.

For some reason the situation became easier by the end of August. There was a slackening to be noticed in the tone of the Italian newspapers, perhaps due to the concentration upon Graziani's imminent advance into Egypt. This did not alter conditions in Greece, where military preparation continued. There was confidence in the support of her friends, though Turkey would not be able to give substantial military aid unless Russia promised neutrality.

Italian "tourists" were found taking soundings of Lake Stymphalus and German consuls were discovered to be taking a surprising interest in sketching. Germans were busily trying to persuade the Greeks that they were backing the wrong horse, that the British would, in a few weeks, be driven out of the Mediterranean. Britain was said to be trying to embroil Greece in war for her own purposes. As Greece continued quietly firm, the German press became more violent.

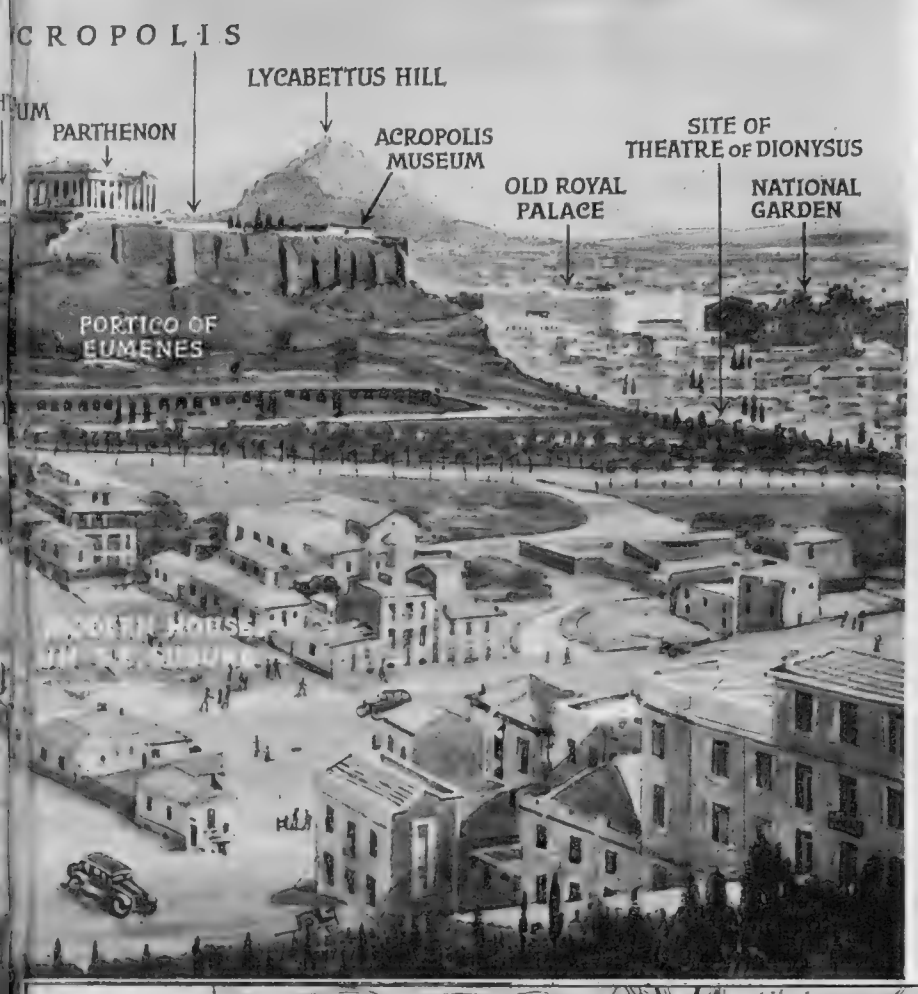
By the beginning of October, Greece had endured about six weeks of continued strain—a period of great crisis. General Metaxas was faced with a difficult problem. He wished to keep the land from the sufferings of war, at the same time getting it into a state of preparedness, ready for any surprise. He insisted upon strict neutrality,' trying to retain relationship with the Axis Powers, provided they did not attack Greece. It was no easy task, for in their usual way, both Italy and Germany used all customary methods to force Greece into submission.

It was quite obvious why Italy was so anxious for the subjugation of Greece. She would gain submarine bases and air bases nearer Egypt and much closer to Turkey, who could then be threatened in like manner. There is much annoyance that Greece has not complied, remaining calmly obdurate, plainly determined to maintain her defence. A few days ago the Italian press again began to threaten and abuse Greece, making claims for territory on behalf of Albania. Trouble was caused in Rumania who refused to send oil, but that has recently been settled. Then came the news that at 3 a.m. on October 28 the Italians had delivered a three hours' ultimatum to Greece. This was rejected by the Greek Government; and at that moment Greece was at war with Italy.

As for Great Britain, she is prepared to bring all assistance possible to aid Greece. Now that war has been declared it will be possible to use the islands in the Ægean, so coveted by Italy, for British purposes. They would prove excellent air bases for bombing both Italy and also the oil wells of Rumania, now in German hands.

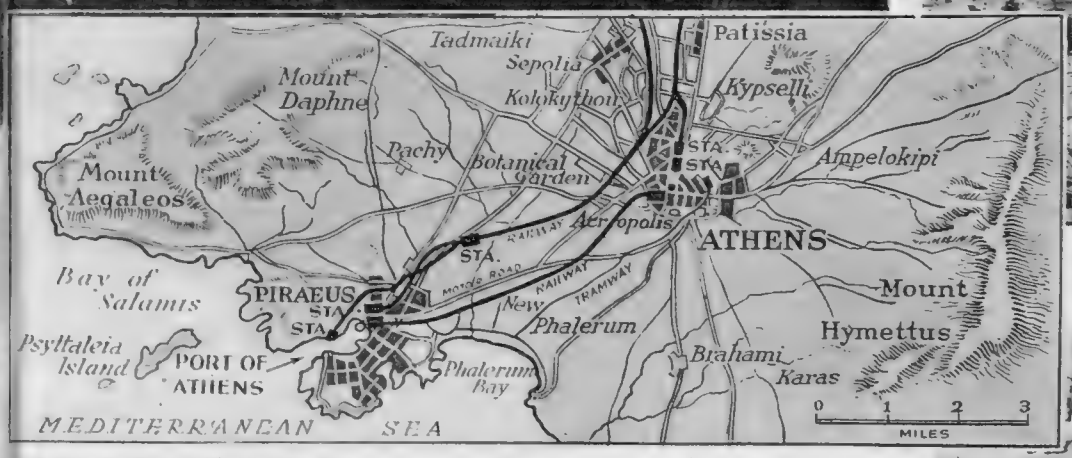
GREECE at WAR with ITALY

The Series of Threats and Acts of Aggression from Rome Which Have Now Resulted in War



TWO GEMS OF GREEK ART WHICH NOW FACE THE PERILS OF WAR: In the pure Greek sunlight the Erechtheum and the Portico of the Caryatides stand out on the Acropolis as two gems of classic Greek art. The carved maidens support the roof of the little tomb of Kekrops, one of Athens' first kings

THE MODERN CITY OF ATHENS LOOKING TOWARDS LYCABETTUS: In the middle distance is Constitution Square, in which are the principal hotels and tourist offices. To the right stands the Parliament Building, formerly the Royal Palace

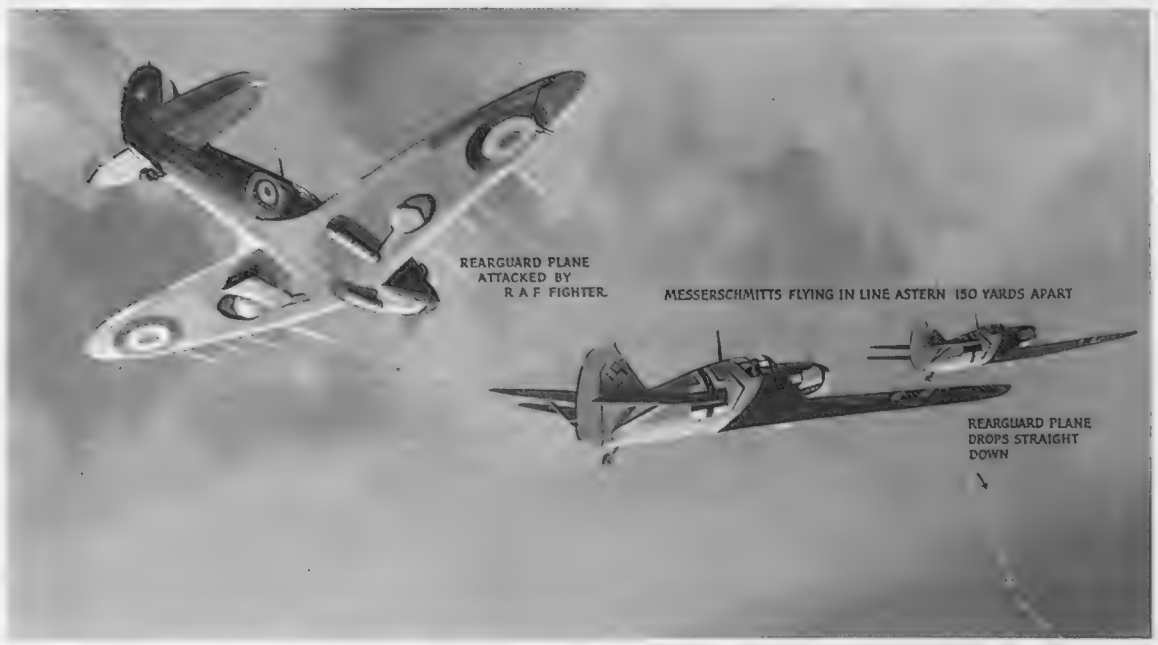


ATHENS IN RELATION TO THE SEA: The city is situated some 3 or 4 miles away from its port on the Bay of Salamis. Railway, tramway, and motor road connect the city with the Piræus. The map at the same time shows how Athens lies in the Attic plain between Mount Daphne and Mount Hymettus with Mount Aegaleos looking out to sea

THE STOA OF HADRIAN WHERE THE EMPEROR KEPT HIS LIBRARY: This charming relic of ancient classic days still exists in modern Athens. It forms part of the block of buildings known as the Library of Hadrian; the marks where bookshelves stood can still be seen. The Voivode of Athens functioned from these buildings in Turkish days

MODERN ATHENIAN GIRLS IN ANTIQUE DRESS: This attractive little group, attired in long-sleeved muslin blouses, lace trimmed at neck and wrist, were watching one of the festivals of sport in the great Athens Stadium when this picture was taken. Naturally, Athens seeks to keep alive that combination of grace with muscular effort for which the city was famous in classic days

THE WAR BY AIR: Special Pictures and Diagrams by "Sphere" Artists, in Illustration of the Aerial Warfare and Tactics of To-day



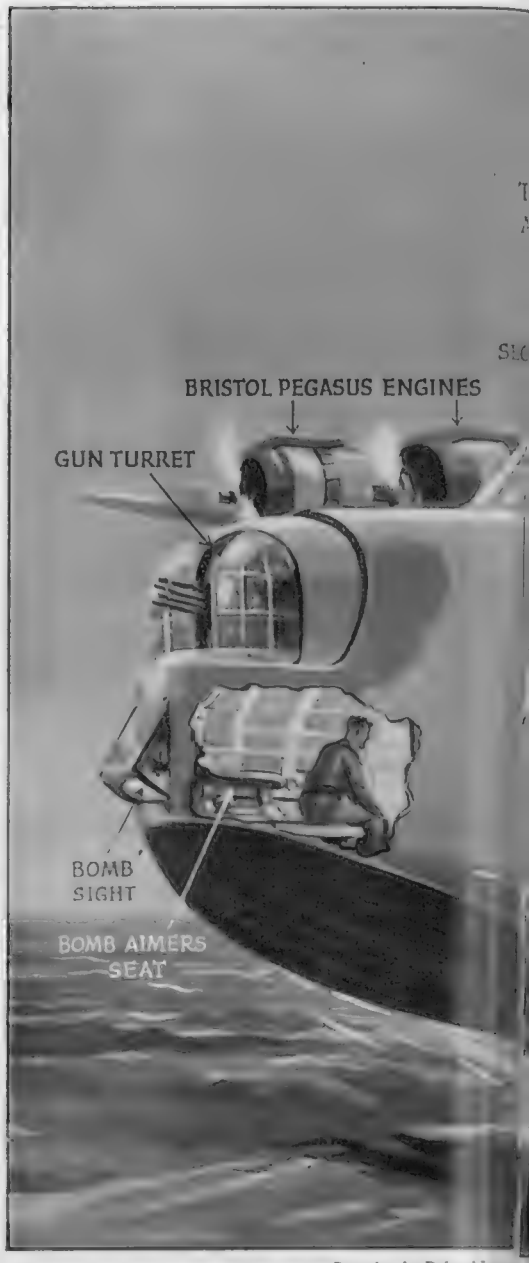
FIGHTER-BOMBERS OVER ENGLAND: A SQUADRON-LEADER'S OWN ACCOUNT OF AN ACTION

A squadron-leader who has earned the D.F.C. and Bar went to visit his old squadron, and took the opportunity of going up with his comrades—to bring down his twentieth enemy aircraft! "We were at about 18,000 ft." he said. "Looking around I saw a dog fight going on behind me. There were about twenty Me 109's, some of them in pairs. I noticed two of the Me's flying in line astern and about 150 yards apart. The leading Me looked to be the offensive partner, so I got in a quick squirt at the rear one. Presumably he was meant to be acting as rearguard, but as I fired he wheeled straight down. I went straight on to the leading Me and gave him a long burst. I heard afterwards that he had crashed."

Drawings by Roland Davies

A GERMAN FIGHTER ATTACKS A BRITISH BOMBER AT NIGHT AND EMPLOYS A SEARCHLIGHT FOR THE TASK

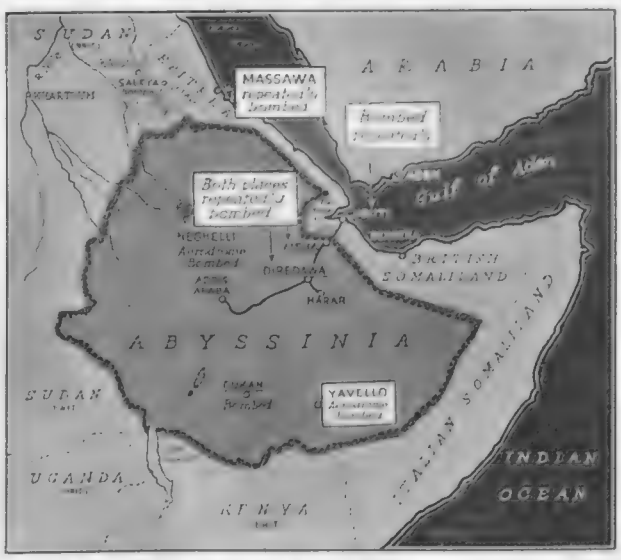
A few days ago the Air Ministry announced that three enemy machines had been destroyed in two successive nights by R.A.F. bombers. This is how one of them met its fate: the British bomber was over German territory when it came across two enemy machines. Only one of the latter attacked. The German plane came in from astern at about 500 yards and then turned on a bright searchlight, closing to 150 yards. At this range the rear gunner of the bomber opened fire. In all he fired three long bursts before the fighter had fired a single shot



Drawing by Roland Davies

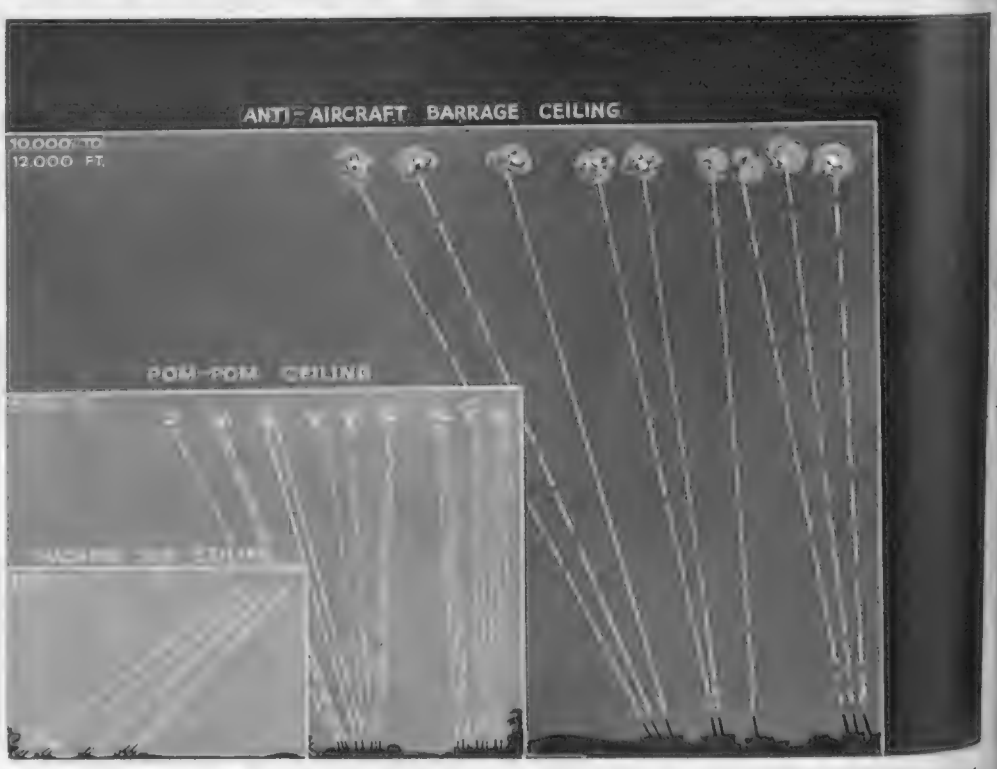
HOW THE GIANT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT WAS ABLE TO RESCUE TWENTY-ONE MEN OUT AT SEA

As described in last week's issue, one of these huge flying-boats of the Coastal Command has recently rescued twenty-one survivors of a torpedoed ship out at sea: and many must have wondered at the size of this huge aircraft. Above our artist shows the way in which this great number of men was disposed of within the hull of the aircraft. The crew often amounts to ten or more: yet there is still plenty of space for more! Fully laden the Sunderland weighs nearly 25 tons; and is capable of a maximum range of nearly 3,000 miles. There are four Bristol Pegasus engines of 1,010 h.p. each, which give this finest of all flying-boats a top speed of 210 m.p.h.



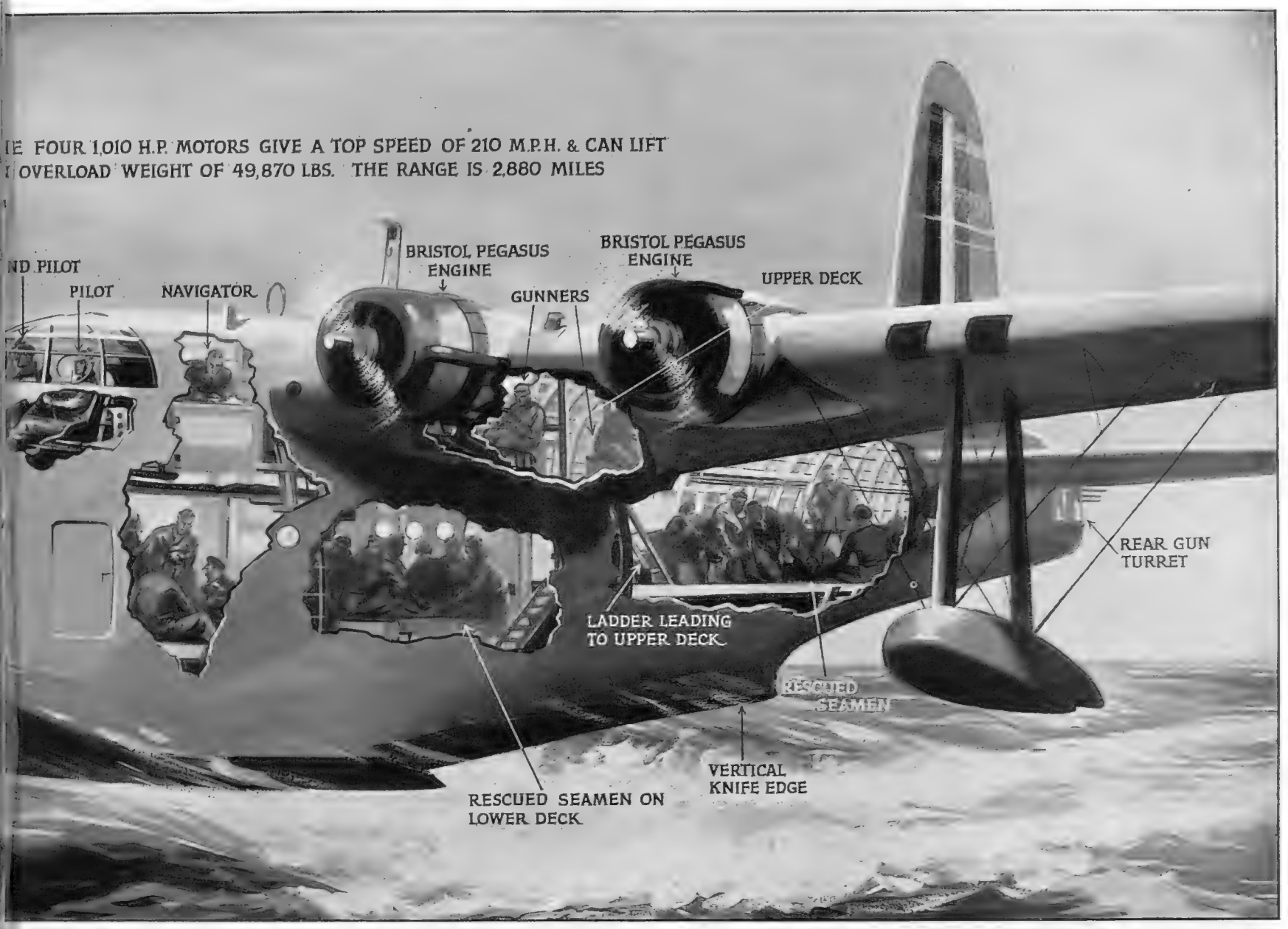
ITALIAN STRONGHOLDS IN ABYSSINIA REPEATEDLY BOMBED

Cut off as it is from Italy, the "Abyssinian Empire" of Mussolini is the subject of constant air attack from all sides. Here are a few of the aerodromes and ports which have suffered severely during the past few weeks; in addition to the Middle East Command of the R.A.F., pilots of the South African Air Force have been collaborating in these operations against the Italians. The bombing of Abyssinian airfields, in particular, is reported to be very heartening to the natives, who suffered this form of attack from the Italians when they had no means of effective reply



DEFENCE AGAINST THE BOMBERS—THE EFFECTIVE HEIGHTS OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE

In general practice the barrage to drive off enemy raiders is operated in close co-ordination with fighter aircraft. The barrage keeps the raiders high, and above the limit of the guns' range fighter aircraft or the defenders wait to deal with the raiders. As this diagram shows, the effective ceiling of the machine-gun is 1,500 ft.; the pom-poms are effective up to 5,000 ft. and the anti-aircraft guns proper up to 10,000 to 12,000 ft. Of course there are many types of gun which are capable of a higher range, and a number of them are being used in the defence of London. But the principle in defence is that the guns keep the raiders high and yet do not imperil our own planes seeking to join issue with the raiders above the barrage



TWO TYPES OF WEATHER CONDITIONS WHICH GREATLY HAMPER THE WORK OF GERMAN BOMBERS OVER BRITAIN

Drawing by E. G. Lambert

So far during this war German bombers have not experienced the full delights of the English climate. The modern bomber—engaged on a mission calling for precision in bombing as well as in navigation—requires certain atmospheric conditions which are often not present for long periods at a stretch. The winter in Britain has hardly begun, yet already we have seen how the bomber has been handicapped during recent nights of mist and rain and fog. Dense fog is of course the raiders' worst foe and the defenders' best friend; by dead reckoning the navigator may bring his aircraft *somewhere* over his objective, but where exactly it would not be possible to say within a couple of miles. And if the fog "closes down" at his own aerodrome he cannot land. Therefore, he seldom sets out in fog! Another type of weather which greatly hampers precision bombing is that shown on the right. There may be a clear sky immediately above, but if there is a light ground mist below, and a light fog at some few thousand feet, again precision bombing is nullified. We are not here concerned at the moment with other aspects of the English weather—but as our readers know, these too are considerable!

REINFORCEMENTS FROM ENGLAND: Convoys are now arriving in the Middle East, both from the Colonies and from England; their passage has not yet been disputed by the Italian Navy! Large numbers of men for the Army and the R.A.F. have already landed and, it is stated, others will follow. Together with Mr. Eden's visit to Egypt and Palestine there is every evidence that a tough resistance to Axis plans will be offered in these regions or anywhere else where the enemy may offer battle

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS IN PALESTINE: Keeping fit
East. The physique and general fitness

A FRENCH PILOT SERVING WITH THE R.A.F.: This officer joined the British Forces with his own aircraft; he is now serving with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, one of a number of such determined men. He is just about to take off in his Morane Saulnier fighter plane for a flight over the desert

PREPARING A FEW GOOD-SIZED BOMBS FOR MUSSOLINI'S BLACKSHIRTS IN THE WESTERN DESERT. The big bomb being handled by the R.A.F. armourer is not yet fused—the sand is being cleared out before it is charged and ultimately loaded into the bomb-rack

A BRITISH PILOT BRINGS DOWN AN ITALIAN BOMBER: This picture was taken before a flight during the course of which this Hurricane pilot brought down an Italian Savoia 79 bomber. The enemy aircraft, little damaged, was later placed on view in a public Square in Alexandria

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT IN EAST AFRICA DOES SPLENDID WORK: This picture shows the first heroes of the war on the Kenya frontier. The flag being so proudly exhibited was captured from an Italian post, El Wak, which was successfully attacked by British troops. Captain D. J. N. C. Henderson (wearing g engarry) was the Commander of the gallant little British garrison—only one company strong—which held Moyale for five days against overwhelming enemy forces before retiring in good order. He is a nephew of Sir Nevile Henderson, former British Ambassador in Berlin, and he has been awarded the Military Cross. In the centre is Private Asamu, of the King's African Rifles, who has been promoted corporal and awarded the Military Medal for bravery in holding up the enemy with a Bren gun while his companions withdrew after the successful attack on El Wak

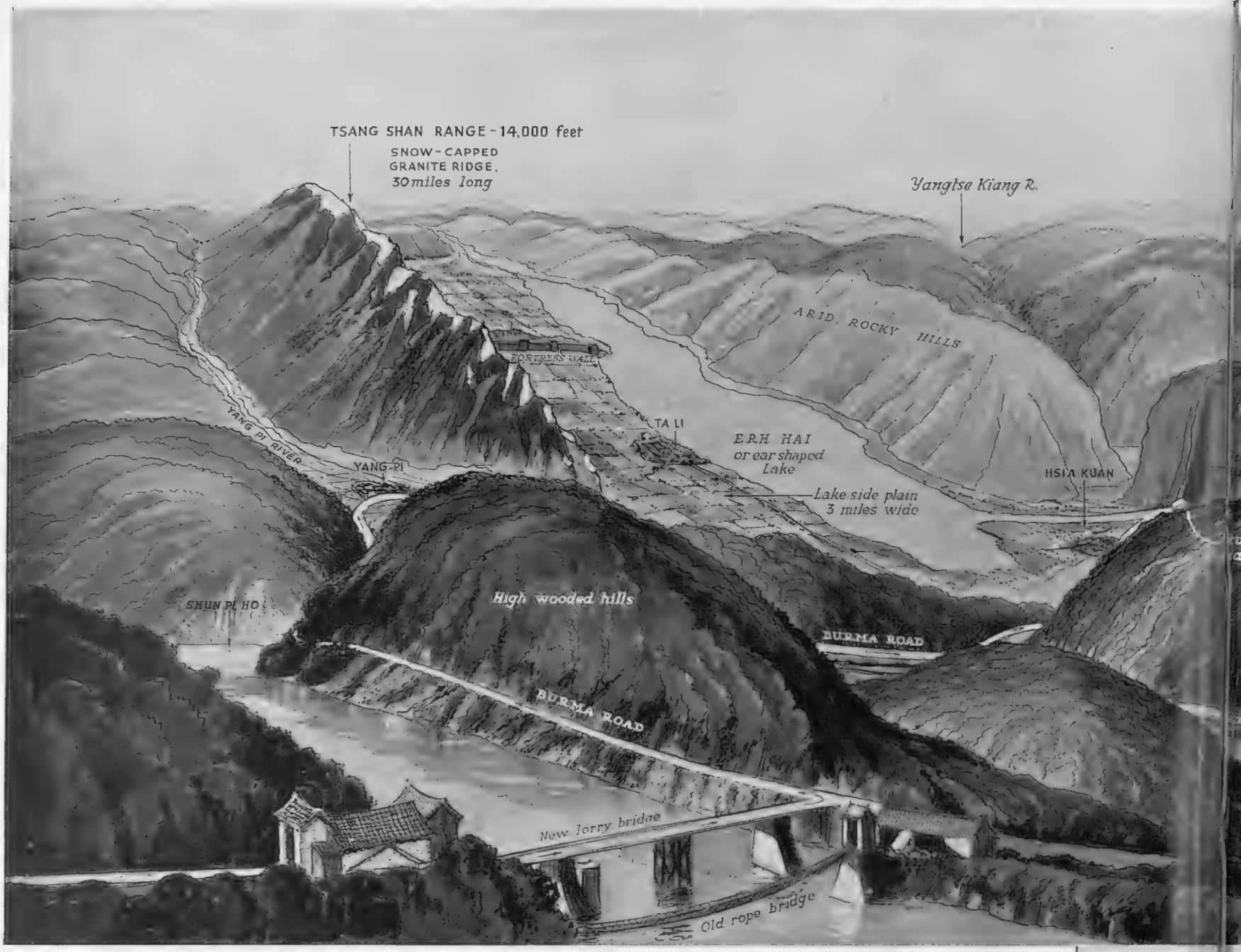
on the beaches whilst waiting for enemy moves in the Middle of these Dominion troops are things to wonder at

FROM the MIDDLE EAST

A Selection of Official Pictures from Egypt, Palestine and the Western Desert

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS IN PALESTINE LEARN THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY FROM SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, THE FAMOUS EGYPTOLOGIST: Sir Flinders is the greatest living authority on Egypt and Palestine, where his work of excavation is widely appreciated. He is now eighty-seven years of age and resides in Jerusalem. Recently he has been receiving members of the Dominion Forces now in Palestine and describing to them the past splendours of the country they are now preparing to defend

A CHARMING OFFICIAL PICTURE FROM THE MIDDLE EAST: One of the hobbies of the men of the R.A.F. in the Western Desert is keeping doves and pigeons. This young sergeant is training a pet dove to walk up the steps to its loft. By such hobbies as these our men out in the lonely outposts of Empire are filling in the many hours of waiting for an enemy who, up to the present, has not shown too great an eagerness for attack

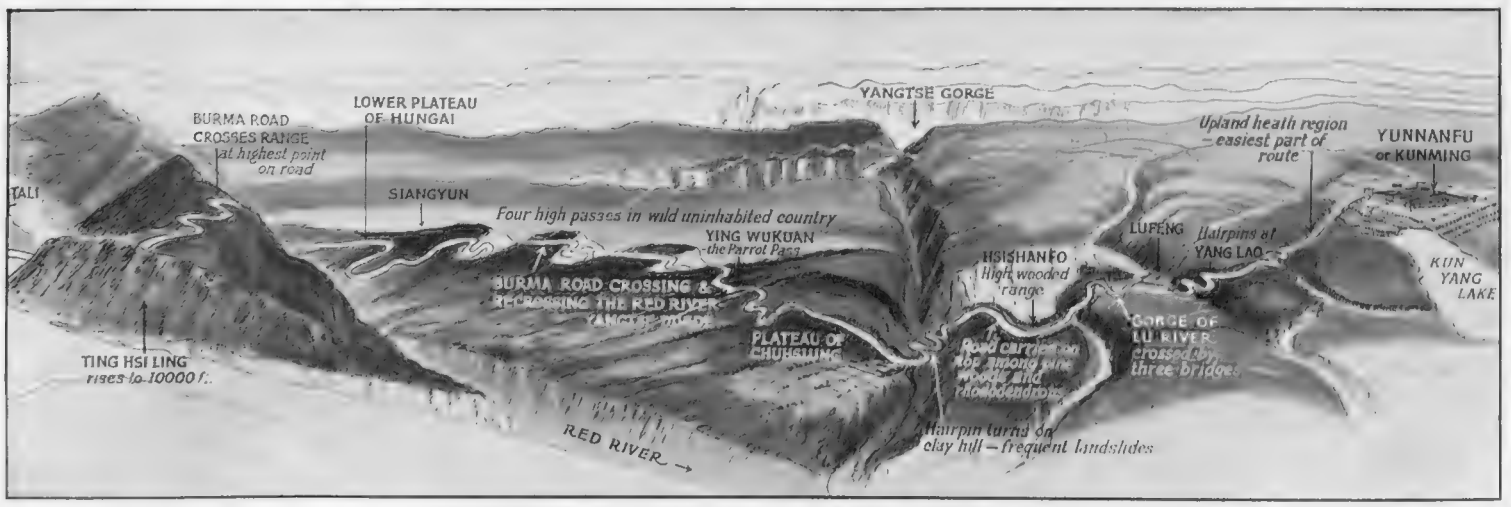


THE TORTUOUS TURNS ON THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE BURMA ROAD WHERE IT PASSES SOUTH OF THE CITY OF TA LI, 280 MILES FROM BURMA

This section of the road has been specially drawn in diagrammatic fashion in order to show the tortuous nature of nearly the whole of the Burma-Yunnan highway. Only near Yunnanfu (Kunming) is there a comparatively easy stretch of country. Here, in the neighbourhood of Ta Li, one of the most beautiful of Yunnan cities, the road twists and turns as it negotiates the high wooded hills and the deeply cut rivers. In the foreground is the stream of the Shun Pi ho, which is crossed by the new bridge and the old rope and iron cable bridge to the right. The road passes Yang Pi, which although opposite Ta Li, is separated from it by the end of the Tsang Shan Range which rises to 14,000 ft. The road crosses the Yang Pi river and swings towards the gorge of Hsia Kuan, a narrow cleft, only 10 ft. wide at one point, which was for centuries the only caravan traffic route to Burma. A great boulder formed a natural bridge at this point. The new motor road also uses this pass, a track being cut out of the sheer cliff side. The entrance to it is guarded by the old fort of Hsia Kuan which itself guards the entrance to the enclosed lake plateau of Ta Li; the city was the capital of the kingdom of Nan Chao for centuries

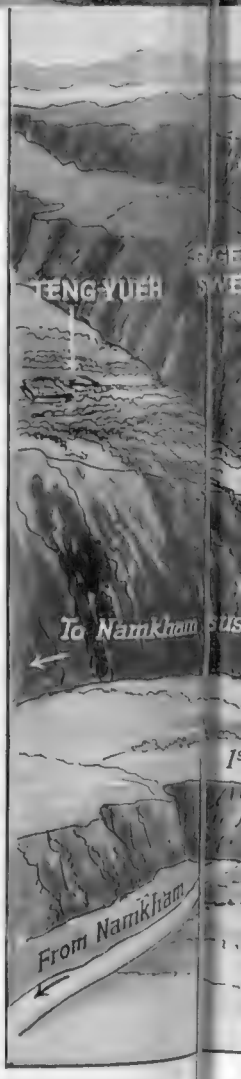
On left—

CUT OUT OF THE SIDE OF A GENTLY SLOPING HILL: The Burma Road has very little of this comparatively easy type of road-making. Hill-cutting such as this occurs at the Burma frontier end when approaching Yunnanfu (Kunming). For some 12 miles out of the capital of Yunnan the road traverses heathy upland country and thence for some distance hillside cutting of this description is possible. The easiest portion of the work was at this eastern end of the route



THE EASTERNMOST SECTION OF THE BURMA-YUNNAN ROAD

This profile completes the diagrammatic presentation of China's motor road to Burma. In some ways it was the least difficult portion of the route. The high heath country west of Kunming could be traversed without severe engineering. The route was cut out of the face of sloping hills. But at the pass of Yang Lao, the first hairpin roads had to be made (a 2,000-ft. drop); then a 40-mile detour up the Lu River was constructed. Here three well-built stone bridges were constructed. Then the route passed along a high wooded range and dropped down a clayey hillside with more hairpin turns. At 167 miles from Kunming Chi Hsiung plateau was reached. Then four passes through wild uninhabited country were negotiated on the way to Ying Wu Kuan, the Parrot Pass. There the route continues to Yunnanyi and the Ting Sai Ling, a 10,000-ft. range a few miles east of Ta Li



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THE REOPENING OF THE BURMA ROAD

Its Extraordinary Geographical Difficulties Shown in a Series of Special Drawings

AFTER remaining closed for the three worst months of the year when traffic is at a minimum, the Burma–Yunnan Road was reopened at midnight on Thursday, October 17.

The first lorry was reported to have crossed the border seven minutes after midnight, and sixty more followed shortly afterwards, the vanguard of a fleet of lorries which were waiting to take all kinds of stores to Kunming and on to Chungking, the Chinese capital, 726 miles from Lashio on the Burmese frontier.

In order to avoid Japanese bombs the lorries mainly travelled by night and the spacing out—a mile apart—arranged for traffic reasons, further assisted in protecting the lorries from successful bombing attack. As rock falls necessitate the constant maintenance of repair squads along many parts of the road, actual damage to the highway will be tackled locally with a minimum of delay.

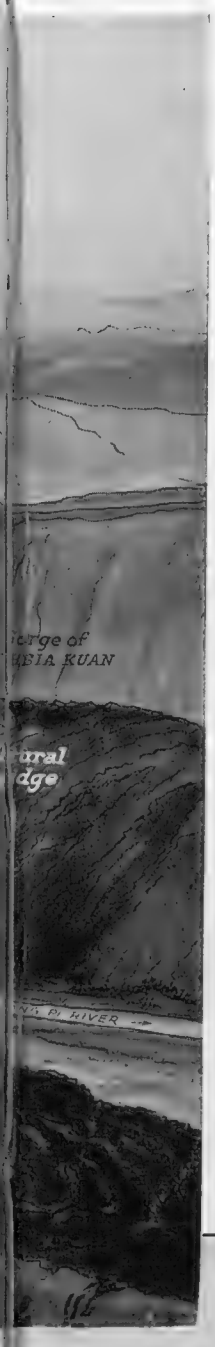
For many of the details given here we are indebted to Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald's account of the road given to the Royal Geographical Society in the early part of this year.

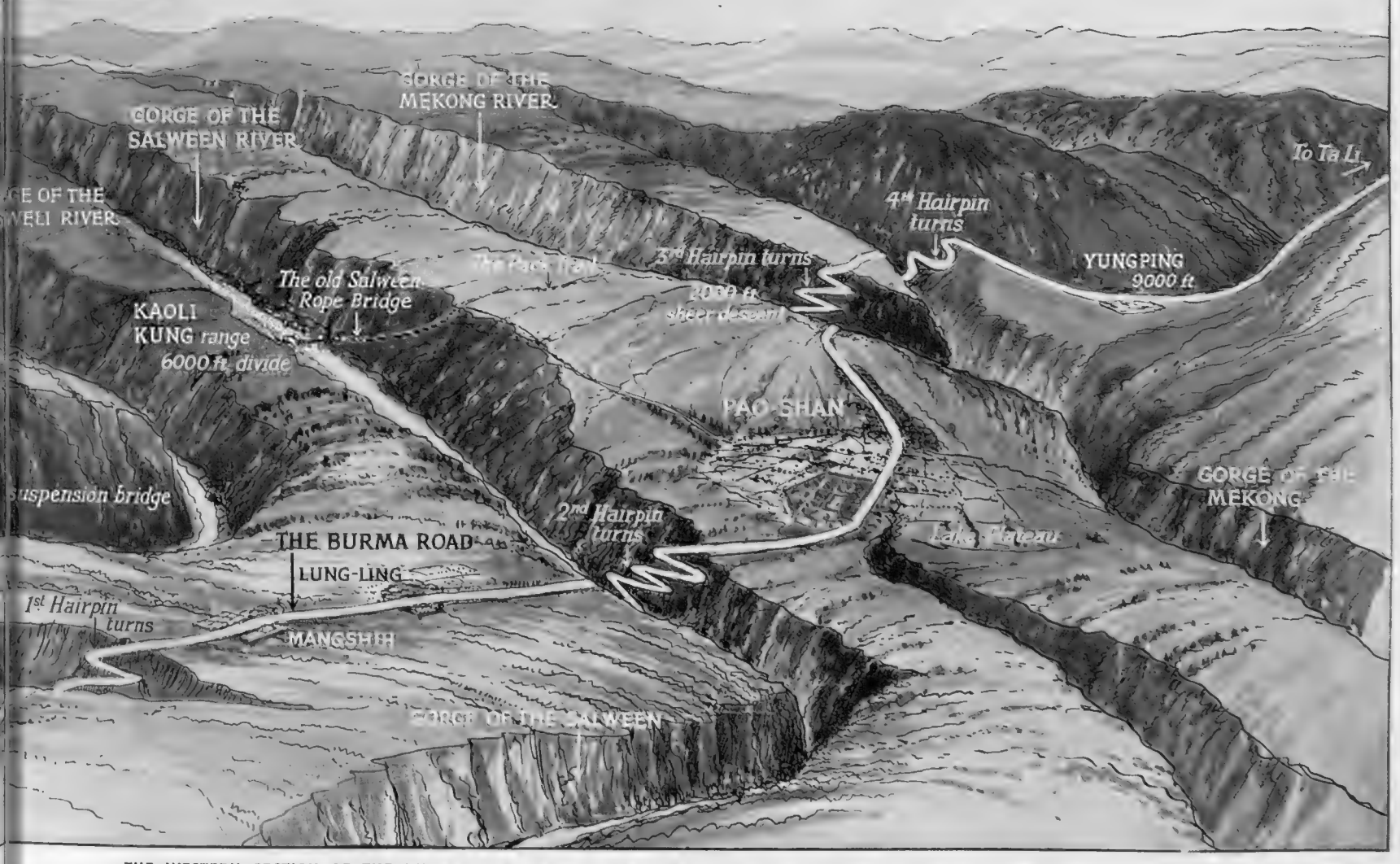
He points out that so difficult is the country from the road-maker's point of view, that the inhabitants had relied on pack conveyance entirely, and until the opening of the French Indo-China railway, scarcely one of them had seen a wheeled vehicle of any sort. Then the pressure of military necessity compelled China to face one of the most difficult road-making problems in the world. The great river gorges all flow north and south and in themselves offer no traffic-ways at all. The drop down and the climb out has to be made in each case. The route further lies through high wooded country, often with big stretches of uninhabited tracts. This in itself is a difficulty, for the work of maintenance needs numerous squads of workmen to be close at hand. The motor road follows the line of the old pack-mule silk route in places, but at others has to make wide detours to find the least troublesome point.

Professor C. G. Beasley, of Rangoon, maintains that the highway is a great success. "The trade now goes from the rail-head at Lashio, and in the eleven months from April 1 to the end of February, 1940, commodities to the value of £2,000,000 passed over the road from Burma to China in addition to a large volume of munitions and war supplies, the figures for which are not disclosed by the Government of Burma. A great variety of items is included in this trade, the most important single branch of which consists of motor omnibuses, vans and lorries, with spare parts and pneumatic covers and tubes, which account for nearly half of the total trade. Other important items include petroleum, cotton piece-goods and blankets, machinery of all kinds, and hardware, steel bars, and drugs."

WHERE THE NEW BURMA MOTOR ROAD CROSSES THE SHWELI RIVER: This bridge is in the western (Burmese end) section of the new highway. It crosses the Shweli River at a point in the direction indicated in the bridge view below. It is one of the numerous bridges built in 1937–8. The older caravan bridges are of rope and iron cables

THE BURMA ROAD – WESTERN SECTION





THE WESTERN SECTION OF THE BURMA ROAD FROM THE REGION OF THE GREAT RIVERS TOWARDS YANG PI

presented the greatest difficulties to the engineers, for all the great rivers flow in gorges 2,000 ft. or 3,000 ft. deep with, in some cases, almost es have necessitated the construction of hairpin turn roads down to river opposite side. This section of the route shows four of these groups of sometimes so close together that one of the ever-recurring rock falls will put several loops out of action with one fall. The Shweli, the Salween, and the Mekong rivers all run in deep gorges from north to south. Diversions up river to the least difficult point have been made and the cliff climbed at the points shown. The Kaoli Kung range forms a 6,000-ft. barrier between the Shweli and Salween rivers. Pao-Shan is the largest city between Kunming and Mandalay. The road from this city towards Yung Ping crosses the Mekong on a new suspension bridge

TRAINING THE ARMY OF TO-DAY

Studies in Camouflage for the Infantry; and Lessons in "Rough-Riding" for the Guns, Tanks and Motor-Cyclists

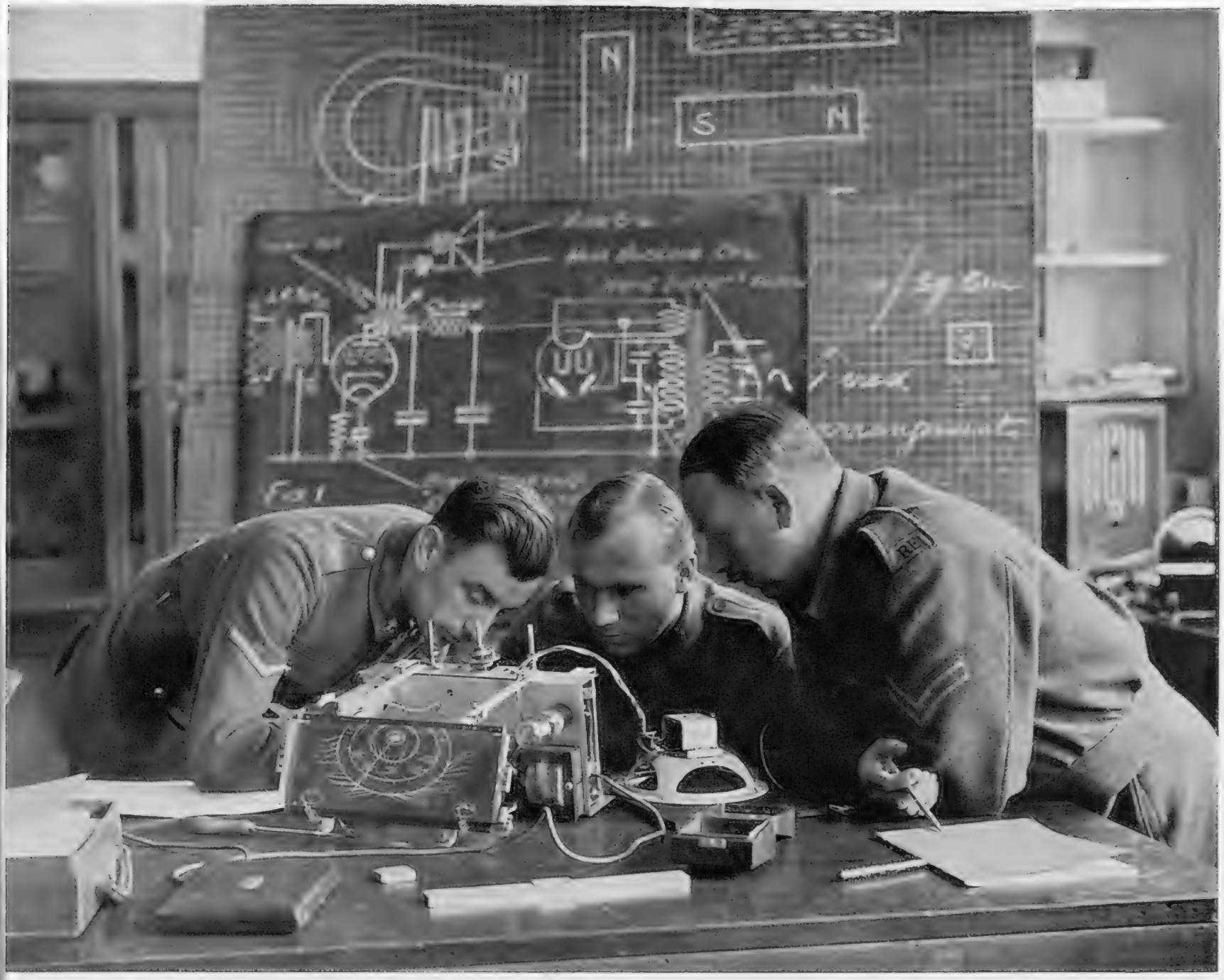
A MODERN METHOD OF WARFARE—THE CAMOUFLAGED SNIPER IN THE FERNS: In the last war camouflage was in its infancy: nowadays, everything, from large factories and big camps and aerodromes down to single figures in the field, is protected from observation whether it be from the land, or air, or sea; and some of the results obtained to-day are really startling, so thoroughly has the art been developed by modern designers. The three pictures reproduced here show the effectiveness of disguise by infantrymen in the field

EVEN THE RANGE-FINDER IS CAMOUFLAGED NOWADAYS: THE EYES OF A 25-POUNDER BATTERY WELL CONCEALED WITH GRASSES DURING RECENT EXERCISES

MECHANISATION IN THE WESTERN COMMAND: HAULING A GUN TO A MOUNTAIN POSITION DURING TRAINING AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

ANOTHER METHOD OF CAMOUFLAGE FOR AN ADVANCING INFANTRYMAN: Moving slowly across open country, this figure would prove puzzling to the enemy. The face has been covered with a mask, and rifle and head disguised with wisps of straw: the uniform, too, has been camouflaged

A FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE GUN TRACTOR DROPPING DOWN THE HILLSIDE: The "Military College of Science" has been organised by the Western Command for the training of officers, non-commissioned officers and specially picked men in the art of modern warfare. The students undergo a three-weeks course, during which they attend lectures and receive practical instruction in the handling of heavy gun tractors, tanks and motor-cycles. This instruction takes place over fields, mountain tracks, steep hills and other difficult country. When the students are eventually passed out, they then become instructors themselves and continue their work in the various units of our strongly mechanised Army



TRAINING SOLDIERS AT A LONDON TECHNICAL INSTITUTE—IN THE WIRELESS LABORATORY TROOPS EXAMINE THE INSIDE OF A RADIO SET: As evidence of the thorough manner in which the soldier of to-day is being trained, this picture will doubtless prove of great interest. Specially selected members of the forces are now being trained in a wide range of technical subjects likely to be of value in war: these subjects include many branches of engineering, smithery and wireless mechanics, and they are being studied at a well-known London Technical Institute. In another part of the same building, civilian students are also being trained in engineering

ROUGH-RIDERS TO BEAT INVADERS—THE NEW WHEELED CAVALRY: Crack motor-cycle riders are now being trained by the Army, so that in any attempt at invasion these troops will be able to move up at once to a threatened point, to deal rapidly and effectively with enemy soldiers who may be landed by parachute or plane. The motor-cyclists are receiving their gruelling training over the very roughest of country

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

AND THE NEXT ARTICLE, SIR?

Looking Ahead to the Next Phase of the War in the Air; and to the "Catch-'Em-Alive-O" Problem of the Night Raiders

"BOMBING UP" FOR A TRIP OVER GERMANY: This nice little packet of good-sized bombs is destined for targets in Germany. The bombs are being loaded on to aeroplanes at a station operated by a New Zealand squadron of the R.A.F. in readiness for the next night flight over the enemy's territory

SOMEHOW the methodical departmental, even compartmental, way in which the Germans are running this war reminds me of the affable assistant in a shop (Department Store, the polysyllabic Americans would call it) who, after serving a customer with one thing asks—"And the next article, Sir?"

We have had in a year, plus a few weeks, (a) the *Sitzkrieg* on the Rhine; while the Germans piled up war material, we went on slowly with our three-year-old panic-expansion of the R.A.F., and the French tried to recover from the *Front Populaire*; (b) the little *Blitz* in Denmark and a bit of *Krieg* in Norway (which, if you remember, was to have been "Hitler's Peninsular War" from which every defiling Nazi hoof was to be driven); (c) the real *Blitzkrieg* in Holland, Belgium and France, the never-to-be-forgotten "Battle of the Bulge" at Sedan, the miracle of Dunkirk by grace of—under God—the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, and the collapse of France, which last left the R.A.F. free to get on with its job; (d) the air invasion of England (and some of Scotland and Wales) by masses of German bombers and fighters, which were "massacreed" (I like the Irish pronunciation of the last syllable) by the R.A.F. fighters, which had their first real chance at Dunkirk; (e) the change-over from mass-bombing and dive-bombing to irregular bombing by large numbers of small formations, and (f) concentration on smashing up the City and West End of London—just as if that few square miles represented England, let alone Great Britain or the British Empire.

If one could get down to facts and figures, one would probably find that the percentage of *English* people killed in the bombing of London is lower than it could be in any other part of the country, because, even allowing for the self-evacuation of well-to-do people of alien origin and the internment of a lot more, London has the most cosmopolitan population in the country—not excepting Cardiff.

And now what is the next article on the German programme? When one knows something of the English weather and something of the map of Europe, there seem to be two moves on which one may bet with fair safety.

By the way! If the Government is going to insure our private property against War Risks, which means that it will lay us long odds against our white ties and tail coats being bombed while laid up for the duration, why should it not open a big department to lay or take odds about the war?—the duration, the strategy of the assorted belligerents, the tactics of the various armies and arms, the permutations and combinations of alliances and/or neutrals, the results of campaigns in different areas, the rise and fall of the sundry dictators, war-lords, political misleaders, departmental chiefs, and so forth *ad infinitum*.

The Government's income from postal orders, postage stamps, and income tax on football pools must have disappeared. And everybody one meets says—"I'll lay you what you like that So-and-so won't last six months in the Ministry of So-and-so," or "I'll take any odds that the Germans aren't through Turkey and into Palestine by 1942," or "What'll you bet that Russia doesn't go for Germany in 1941 over Constantinople?" (I beg its pardon, I mean Istanbul, or εἰς τὴν πόλιν, if you want the original Greek). So

AN OBSERVER WINS THE D.F.M.: This has been awarded to Acting-Sergeant Ian Blair. When his pilot was killed over the Libyan desert he took control of the aircraft and flew it 350 miles back to its base. He had never flown a Service aircraft before; but after the death of the pilot, whilst the plane was in an uncontrolled dive, he and his air-gunner moved the body and Sergeant Blair then took over the controls and made a successful landing. He is twenty-two years of age and comes from Glasgow, where his parents still reside

TWO FAMOUS FIGURES IN THE FRENCH AIR FORCE FIGHTING AGAINST GERMANY

Captain Foch is a grandson of Marshal Foch, French military leader in the war of 1914–18. He is now associated with the Free French Forces under the control of General de Gaulle: it was in this capacity that he took part in the ill-fated expedition to Dakar, where he was one of the emissaries sent ashore to negotiate with the Pétainists

Prince Ernst von Starhemberg was Vice-Chancellor in the Dollfuss Cabinet in Austria. After the annexation of his country by Germany he formed an Austrian Legion in France to fight with the French Army. He is now serving with General de Gaulle in the Free French Air Force, where his presence has been the subject of criticism

why should not the Government make money out of war bets as well as war profits? There would be millions in it. But for our hypertrophied English conscience a Ministry of Betting would be a good line. And it would provide plenty of jobs for out-of-work bookmakers and their touts—such as are not surreptitiously at work in armament factories.

Anyhow, the best bet is that the Germans will go East, and, as a side bet, that should mean a lessening of the air attack on England—but that does not mean a letting-up of the nuisance-raids at night. We have said so much in the press about lost man-hours when the sirens sing that obviously the game will be kept going.

The fact that we have seen nothing of the Junkers Steuka dive-bombers for months, since the pasting they got from our fighters over the Channel, does not mean that they are no longer being built. Our fighters may take a poor view of them (as the R.A.F. says) as self-defending aircraft, but if the Yugoslavs, or the Greeks, or the Bulgars, or the Turks, or the 'Iraquis, or the Iranis, or the Syrians, or the Palestinians, try to obstruct the proposed Oriental tour of the German Army, the Steuka may be useful.

Turkish infantry in trenches are supposed to be the toughest known obstacle to military progress. But trenches do not stop dive-bombers, and dive-bombers do smash trenches. And Turkey has not enough fighters to stop them. Besides, we have no guarantee that the Turks will fight for us in the conditions of to-day which have altered so much since our pilots flew Blenheims to Turkey's Air Force by way of Italy not so many months ago.

Here I may remark that after the German break-through in Belgium and France when the state of chaos was too bad to put right, our troops discovered that bombs were not so bad in the open as were ordinary shrapnel or high explosive shells from artillery. Our mobile anti-aircraft gunners could see the dive-bombers coming and often shot them down, and even machine-guns were effective.

The heavier German bombers, such as the Heinkels and Dorniers, with which our fighters have dealt so well, can also be used effectively in a drive towards the Middle East until they come up against our fighters. Whether that will happen in Turkey or Syria or Palestine must depend upon the strategy on which General Wavell and Air Chief Marshal Longmore (G.O.C.-in-C. and A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East) may decide.

Also, there is the possibility that the German Air Force may send big reinforcements to the Italians in North Africa. Whether the Egyptian Government decides to send its army and its British-trained Air Force to fight alongside us or not, the war in Egypt will go on just the same. Obviously the Italian Air Force cannot beat the R.A.F. in that area, so its only hope is help from Germany, and against that, we can always re-inforce our people round by the Cape of Good Hope, or even by flying across from British West Africa, where we have plenty of ports and aerodromes.

Incidentally, that might be a good way of using some of the American aeroplanes which, I am told, are very good flying machines but at present do not carry the armament or armour which is needed against Germany's latest improvement in fighters.

On the Home Front in the winter we may expect less bombing, either by day or night. Northern France and Belgium and Holland are subject to the same fogs as we are. Our own, and the German, air-line pilots know how often flying is impossible because of ground fog or low clouds.

But often fog area only covers a few miles inland, and possibly German bombers may start in clear weather, fly over our fog and low cloud, get their positions by radio over industrial areas and bomb blind. Much of their bombing over London and other big cities has been blind, although one can see by the positions of many of their bombs that on moonlight nights they have been aimed at military objectives which, if they had been hit, would have caused more general inconvenience than has happened, even if fewer people had been killed or wounded.

An interesting point is that some of the German bombers which have been shot down lately have had Lorenz blind-landing equipment. Which shows that the High Command expects to send out bombers in foggy weather and bring them safely home again.

Therefore the "catch-'em-alive-o" problem of the night raiders still remains. Perhaps somebody will produce a marvellous invention, somewhat as Dennistoun Burney (deservedly knighted for it) invented the Paravane which saved so many ships from mines in the last war. But more often such puzzles are solved by a revised or improved version of an old scheme or idea or tactic.

A bomber friend of a friend of mine told me lately that he had been attacked by two Messerschmitt 109's when coming in to land in the dark early morning on his own aerodrome. Luckily they did not get him.

That is an old trick of the last war. Enterprising fighter pilots used to sit up high over enemy aerodromes and dive on homing bombers, which had probably used up their ammunition. It was considered not quite the sporting thing, and only one degree better than the trick of the "chicken-shooters" who used to fly over to the German advanced training aerodromes in France and shoot down pupils. But the enemy lost a lot of pilots and aeroplanes in both ways.

An organised system of long-range fighters which would harass German bomber-aerodromes in some such way might be quite rewarding. And adventurous pilots who specialised on tricks and ruses of their own devising would well earn decorations. Besides shooting down enemy aeroplanes they would probably so upset the routine of landing that they would indirectly cause many crashes.

But, at the finish, the best way of stopping bombing is to stop the bombers from starting, or better still, to stop the bombers from existing by bombing the factories that make them.

Bombers which we are making to-day could do it, if we had enough of them. Bombers which we should be making to-day but for official obstruction in the past could do it still better. The promised "Flying Fortresses" from the United States, and their kind, are not likely to do it, because if they fly low enough to get their marks they will be easy targets for ground guns and fighters, and if they fly high enough to keep out of range they will not hit their marks often enough to be worth while. (It might, however, pay us well to use these aircraft for the night bombing of Berlin.)

The reason why the Handley Page Hampdens have done so well in their low flying attacks on the Dortmund Canal and such difficult targets is that they are fast and so small for the immense load they carry that they are difficult to hit. We need smaller and faster bombers which are still more difficult to hit.

The recent disclosures by those in high authority concerning the havoc wrought by our bombers over Germany gratifies us all. To have achieved a reduction of 20 per cent. of the total productive capacity of Germany is a staggering feat—especially when you consider that we have been bombing that country in dead earnest only for a comparatively few months.

When we have achieved numerical, as well as qualitative, superiority in the air, it does not look as if things are going to be too rosy on the other side!

DUTCH AIRMEN ASSISTING IN THE WORK OF SAFEGUARDING THE CONVOYS: In their tasks of escorting Convoys bringing necessities to this country and of safeguarding British shores, the R.A.F. are being assisted by men of the Royal Dutch Naval Air Service. Some of them are using their own Fokker float planes, which are serviced by Dutch personnel. Wearing uniform similar to our own Royal Navy the Dutch are smart and efficient: they have already given a good account of themselves during the German invasion of Holland. The picture above shows one of the Dutch planes—a Fokker T.8.W. (powered with American Wright-Cyclone engines)—flying down the coast to take up its patrol duties

NEW ZEALAND—A bomber crew going out to their machine: Last week we published pictures of American and Canadian crews of the R.A.F. Here are members of a New Zealand squadron, also serving in this country. The Empire has rallied to the Motherland in wonderful fashion, and the R.A.F. has had its pick of the finest young manhood of the Dominions and Colonies. These airmen have during recent months been taking part in bombing operations over Germany and have helped materially in the crippling of essential German industries

THE BLACK SEA AS A STORM AREA—

The Political and Military Factors on a Complicated Chessboard

THE DELTA OF THE DANUBE where the mighty river finally debouches into the Black Sea, after passing three capitals and countless other cities of importance. The map shows the position of Mamaia, near Constanza, where Germany is stated to desire a new seaplane base and to have intimated that fact to Rumania, which cannot now resist the demand

FOUR countries have access to the Black Sea—Russia, Turkey, Rumania, and Bulgaria—and to all of them the question of the ownership of the narrow straits leading into the Mediterranean has been a matter of importance. After the Great War it was hoped that the straits might be demilitarised and open to all nations, but the rapid recovery of Turkey, under the genius of Kemal Pasha, brought about the Montreux Treaty which handed over the keeping of the coveted straits again into the hands of Turkey, who had the power to restrict the warships of belligerent Powers. In 1936 Turkey obtained permission to refortify the straits and thus holds a dominating position over the passage of all ships in times of war in and out of the Black Sea.

During the Czarist regime, it was the persistent ambition of succeeding Czars to get possession of Constantinople, and proved the inward reason of many wars. Napoleon dangled the hope of Constantinople before the Czar Alexander, to gain his allegiance. The dream of the Black Sea as a Russian lake has been an elusive one, but even Soviet Russia is rumoured to be actuated by similar desires.

Unlike the other dictators, Kemal Pasha was bent upon establishing peace with his neighbours, realising that the regeneration of the Turkish people needed a long period of rest from war. He early formed an alliance with Soviet Russia, both countries being more or less in the same condition, building up after severe defeat. That friendship has stood the strain of many years, and still stands, though each country is watching the other closely; when Turkey joined the Anglo-French alliance it was with the understanding that there was to be no unfriendliness to Russia, and she has since done her best to promote better relationships between the U.S.S.R. and Britain.

At the present moment Turkey remains true to her pledge to Britain, never wavering even after the capitulation of France. She has been threatened constantly by Germany with dire results, but has disregarded both blandishments and threats. Her position has been a difficult one, with Syria lying between her and her British Ally in Palestine and Egypt, and with Russia remaining inscrutably silent.

Turkey has the great advantage of being self-contained as regards food, she is the strongest military power in the Near East, her soldiers are known to be good fighters, and she has the resolution to resist any aggression. Any scheme which Hitler and Mussolini might have of getting permission for their troops to march through Turkey en route for Egypt is destined to be rudely shattered. Turkish deputies have toured the whole country explaining the international situation to the peasants, and are confident of the solidarity of the people—the 2,000,000 Turkish bayonets to bar the way, as the official Turkish wireless proclaimed.

Soviet Russia, tied by her treaty of friendship with her former enemy, Germany, holds an uncertain position on the Black Sea. Is she going to allow Germany to gain a footing, through her mastery of Rumania, upon the waters she has so long considered under her own sovereignty? She has just regained another portion of the old Czarist Russia, by pressure upon Rumania to yield up Bessarabia and Bukovina, but the satisfaction of this success must be mitigated by the advance of Germans down the Danube, and the prospect of air bases being granted to Nazi airmen. It was one thing to have Rumania as a neighbour, but quite a different proposition to have Hitler's huge army, eager for employment, having the opportunity to pour up against her southern frontier, as well as in the north.

Great efforts have been expended upon the Russian Navy since the spring of this year, a large naval building programme was proclaimed, and even now the Black Sea Fleet is asserted to be "mighty." The coast has been fortified, special defences built up at Odessa and Batum, with strong anti-aircraft guns. Learning much from the hard blows received from Finland, the Army has been vigorously reorganised, and new methods introduced. One great improvement has been the dismissal of the political commissars attached to the Army, who could over-rule military commands, reprimand officers, and report direct to Moscow. Stalin is reported to be no longer afraid of the loyalty of the Army. As for the Air Force it is the largest in the world, but has not proved itself to be provided with the best type of fighter aircraft.

Though pleasant words still flow between Moscow and Berlin, it is believed that Russia would not be averse to breaking the unnatural friendship if the suitable moment should arrive. Stalin may be waiting till Hitler is occupied elsewhere, as he dare not venture, after the Finnish experience, to oppose the "glorious" Red Army against the deadly precision of the Nazi forces. Russian troops are reported to be gathering in Bessarabia, together with fighter and bomber planes, a wise precaution, doubtless, considering the likelihood of a German seaplane base at Mamaia, near Constanza, which is said to have been demanded from Rumania.

Both Russia and Turkey are watching Bulgaria with some anxiety. She has just regained the Southern Dobrudja from Rumania, which has caused great rejoicing and which has been generally recognised as a rightful return of territory.

The Bulgarians are divided among themselves, some retaining their old kinship with Russia, who had fought for the Bulgars in the past, others are pro-German, overwhelmed by the military prowess and efficiency of the Reich. Hitler has used every opportunity to get a grip upon Bulgaria, using trade advantages, and the usual invasion of "tourists," propaganda of all kinds, and a subtle pressure upon newspapers by offering advertisements to those who put forth German news, and rigidly cutting off from those who ventured to give the British version.

Nothing is actually known of the conversation at the Brenner Pass between Hitler and his anxious colleague, but various theories have been propounded. It has been suggested that Hitler, finding the invasion of England as difficult a matter as did Napoleon before him, has turned his attention to the East, hoping to gain Egypt and the Suez Canal via the Balkans. Rumania is already in his grasp, Bulgaria would appear to be falling easily. It is a time fruitful in anticipated prognostications—but Turkey remains steadfast and the power of Great Britain has been steadily increasing in the Eastern Mediterranean, so that the Allies can face the future with growing confidence. B. H.

ODESSA: Soviet shipping in the great port of the Ukraine which is one of the many important cities on the Black Sea

KHERSON, ONE OF THE UKRAINE PORTS ON THE BLACK SEA: Kherson has an important grain and timber trade, as well as industries in brewing and flour-milling and the manufacture of various types of machinery. Here a Soviet steamer is seen being loaded at the port, which is situated on the right bank of the river Dnieper. The place has a link with English history, for Kherson has a monument to John Howard, the famous prison reformer, who died at Kherson on January 20, 1790

NAVAL STATIONS AND OTHER POINTS OF MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE AROUND THE BLACK SEA

THREE NAVAL FORCES CONCERNED: RUSSIA, RUMANIA, AND TURKEY

RUSSIA has by far the biggest navy in the Black Sea, but its quality, and its exact quantity, are matters of infinite discussion and no little doubt. The battleship *Pariskaya-Kommuna* was transferred from the Baltic to the Black Sea in 1930, together with the cruiser *Profintern*, and was allowed to pass through the Dardanelles, but she was in such bad condition that she could scarcely complete the voyage.

The aircraft-carrier *Stalin* has recently been completed there but details are lacking; she is believed to be of about 9,000 tons. Two very fast Italian-designed cruisers of 8,500 tons, a slower one which was laid down in 1914 and only recently completed, and two smaller ships complete the cruiser line. Six ships similar to the French flotilla leaders, with a displacement of 2,900 tons and a speed of 36 knots, are also in the Black Sea. Also in the Black Sea Command are an unspecified number of motor torpedo boats and submarines, many of the latter being the 200-ton coast defence type of which the Russians are very fond but which do not appeal to other navies.

It is known that a large number of officers and seamen have to be transferred from one fleet to the other when anything out of the ordinary is planned, which is why the manœuvres of the two fleets never take place at the same time.

The Rumanian Navy is small, although the efforts of Prince Nicolas and his sister contrived to arouse a good deal of enthusiasm in an essentially military people. Its two useful ships in the Black Sea, 1,900-ton destroyers, were built in Italy from Thornycroft's designs, and its single small submarine is Italian. The rest of the fleet was purchased from Italy and France at different times, or taken over from Austria-Hungary among the spoils of the late war.

As the ruler of the Dardanelles, the Turkish Navy can be transferred from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean at will.

Their dockyard is at Ismid and is a very up-to-date establishment built since the late war by the French Schneider interests. The fleet consists of the *Yavuz*, originally the famous *Goeben*, four up-to-date destroyers of British design and four of Italian which are the backbone of the fleet, and quite a number of submarines, although two which were being built in Germany were not delivered at the outbreak of war.

RUSSIAN SHIPS IN THE BLACK SEA

Battleship:
Pariskaya-Kommuna—decrepit

Aircraft-Carrier:
Stalin

Cruisers:
Kubishev, *Orjonikidze* } Due to have been completed this summer but very doubtful
Krasni Kavkaz
Profintern
Chervonaya Ukraina

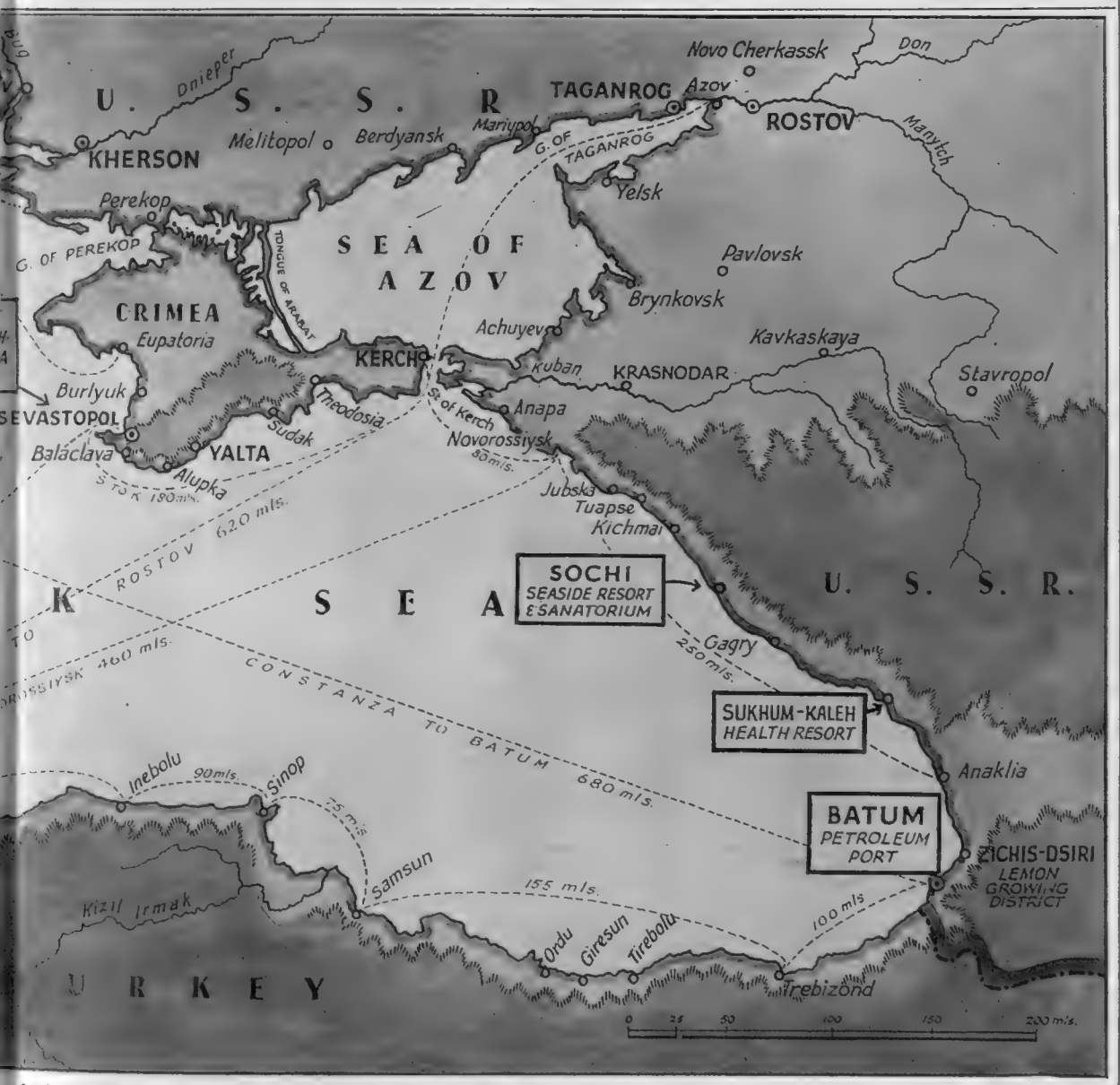
Flotilla Leaders:
Moskva, *Kharkov*, *Kiev*, *Perekop*, *Stalinsk*, *Volochevka* } 2,900 tons, 36 knots, five 5.1 guns, four small guns, six torpedo tubes

Destroyers:
Felix Dzerzhinski; *Nezamojnik*; *Petrovski*; *Shaumyan* } 1917–18

Motor torpedo boats and submarines, definite number and identity unknown

BALACLAVA: The rocky escarpment surmounted by a ruined Genoese Castle at this historic point

YALTA: A headland at the favourite watering place which was a popular seaside resort of Czarist days



Again the Black Sea looms up as a possible area of conflict. The various factors which sway the situation are so numerous and conflicting that it is not easy to determine the future course of events even for a few weeks. At the week-end, it appeared that coming events might be quickening their pace. Turkey appeared more clearly determined to act at what she considered the right moment. Her own people were warned that fateful days might soon be facing them. Germany appeared to be deploying in her usual fashion against Russian frontiers—the air seemed to be full of possibilities. This special map shows the position of the present situation upon which the naval forces of Russia, Germany and Turkey are based. See notes in top right-hand corner of this double page. Will Russia acquiesce in Germany gaining a foothold on the Black Sea? It has hitherto been Russia's policy to keep back any powerful stranger from gaining an entrance to a sea over she has always exercised a controlling force. Germany has been creeping down to the delta and last week it was stated that Russia was moving land, sea and air forces from the Crimea and Odessa towards the Danube delta and was said to have actually crossed the most northerly arm of the river

SUKHUM KALEH: Soviet Russian seaside resort near the foothills of the Caucasus. It is a renowned health resort

SOCHI: U.S.S.R. workers promenading at the sea-front of this resort, which is now used as a holiday rest camp for workers from the interior of Russia

ZICHIS-DSIRI: Lemon tree groves are now a feature of the sea-front of this Black Sea town. It lies a few miles to the north-east of the famous petroleum port of Batum

COUNTERING the TORPEDO

How the Greatest Menace to a Battleship or a Cruiser Has Been Met

THE GIANT BULGES WHICH THOUGHT ONLY OF PROTECTION: When first applied, the protective bulges against torpedo attack were enormous in size and no regard was paid to the inevitable reduction in speed. Here is a view of H.M.S. *Endymion* as she was fitted out when vessels were being prepared for action off the Dardanelles

AS the torpedo, whether it is fired by a submarine or a surface vessel, is the most potentially dangerous form of attack on a warship, it follows that the counter measures which are taken against it have to be more elaborate and ingenious, and therefore very much more interesting, than the defences against gunfire or mine. Ever since the torpedo attracted attention to itself in the American Civil War of the early '60's its advocates have maintained that it will, sooner or later, mean the extinction of the heavy surface ship and although it has not yet done that it has certainly kept the designers of the big ships keyed up for the last seventy years or so.

It was not until the adoption of the Whitehead locomotive torpedo in the early '70's that the matter was taken very seriously on account of the exaggerated views which many people held concerning the prowess of that very erratic weapon, for it was not until years later that it was given the wonderfully precise mechanism of to-day. The reply to the torpedo boat was at first the gun. The early breech-loading guns of heavy calibre had proved unreliable and dangerous, and had been abandoned for the older fashioned muzzle-loaders, but their rate of fire was undoubtedly higher and they had at least some chance of getting a second shot off at an approaching torpedo boat. Screw breech-loading guns firing 20-lb. and 40-lb. shells were therefore mounted for anti-torpedo work, backed by machine-guns of early pattern—Gardner, Gatling, and others.

Machine-guns mounted in the fighting tops on the masts had the best opportunity and materially hastened the abolition of sail. Quick-firing guns discharging three, six and twelve-pound shells were invented in the early '80's, and before the end of the decade the 4·7-in. and 6-in. quick-firer had followed them. Only the smaller pieces were regarded as particularly useful for the defence of a big ship against torpedo craft and they were mounted in dozens.

For years the Navy placed its principal faith in the passive protection afforded by torpedo nets. Very soon after the licence for manufacturing Whitehead torpedoes was acquired by the Navy they were tested against rigid wire netting suspended at some distance from the side of the wooden corvette *Aigle*. In one of the surprising eccentricities to which the early types were prone, the torpedo missed the edge of the net, hit the ship and sank her in the mud. Subsequent experiments showed that the net was sufficient to detonate the torpedo well away from the hull, reducing the damage. Ships in harbour which were liable to torpedo attack were protected by nets as a regular thing and from that the crinoline defence, as it was called, was developed until a flexible net made of interwoven rings of steel wire, could be suspended over the side of a ship at sea by means of hinged booms which fell outward.

Various types were invented, one of the first being by Captain A. K. Wilson—the man who won the V.C. at El Teb by holding the corner of the broken square with his fists—and his coxswain when they were serving in the *Northampton* in 1880, but soon afterwards Captain Wilson, then promoted to flag rank, invented the first practical net cutter which, fixed on the nose of a torpedo, tore a hole in the net without detonating the torpedo and let it through to the ship's side. For several years the British Navy retained the secret of this cutter, but other navies worked on the same scheme and eventually it meant the end of the torpedo net. The Navy was heartily glad of it, for getting the nets out and in was a terrible labour involving many accidents, and while they were rigged, the ship could not steam at more than 6 or 7 knots.

As an alternative to the flexible torpedo net Admiral Sir George Elliott suggested more minute subdivision of the ship below water, but unfortunately that idea failed to attract attention although it became the standard practice thirty years afterwards.

As torpedo boats got bigger and more efficient the Navy wanted more active offensive protection against them, the situation leading to the development of the torpedo-boat destroyer and finally the destroyer.

In addition to her guns the destroyer carried torpedo tubes like the torpedo gunboat but she was infinitely more efficient for her work and, British designs having proved their worth, she was immediately built in large numbers by every naval power in the world. In the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–1905, the destroyer proved herself to be the ideal torpedo boat for attacking battleships, and as she was made bigger, faster, and infinitely more seaworthy innumerable jobs were found for her. During the late war with Germany the destroyer was used for every conceivable task. The result has naturally been that she has outgrown all the original conception of her role to destroy torpedo boats and has become a specialised and very expensive offensive naval type.

The invention of the really practical submarine at the beginning of the present century greatly increased the menace of the torpedo, and for years there seemed to be no hope of active defence against her. When the Japanese acquired American-built submarines during the war with Russia, Russian seamen were instructed to row very quietly up to any submarine periscope which they observed and clap a cap over the top of it so that the boat should be blinded. Other navies were not inclined to take the new menace as lightly as that, but it was very difficult to find a really effective defence. Designers fell back on the passive principle and greatly improved the internal subdivision of ships. They provided longitudinal bulkheads at a reasonable distance from the ship's side as well as the lateral bulkheads which had been borrowed from the Chinese. The number of watertight doors was reduced and with unpierced bulkheads access from one part of the ship to another was provided by lifts. The strength of all parts was greatly increased, often with an actual decrease in weight, in order to make the defence more effective.

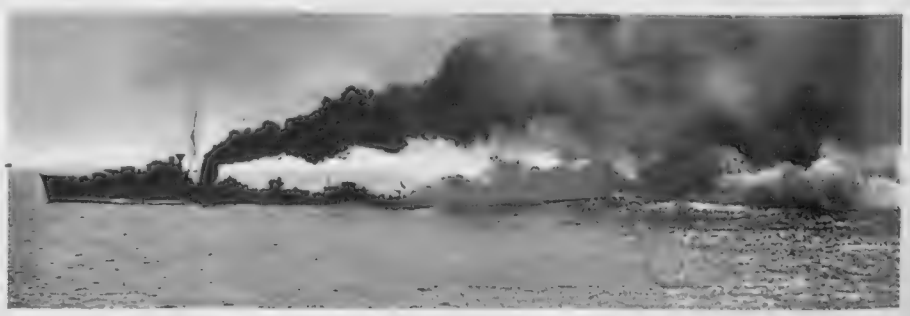
At the same time the role of the destroyer to run down and destroy torpedo boats was revived against submarines with the elaborate screens which were provided for the big ships from the beginning of the late war. It was not, however, until the depth-charge was perfected that it could be felt that these screens were anything like effective.

Meanwhile the possibilities of a torpedo attack by destroyers of 1,000 tons and more were infinitely more dangerous than similar attacks carried out by 150-ton torpedo boats and both the searchlight equipment and anti-torpedo batteries of the big ships were improved. The former progressed steadily both in diameter and candle power, while the batteries developed rapidly from the 3-pounder which, in its semi-automatic pattern with extraordinarily rapid fire, had replaced the old 12-pounder, back to an improved 12-pounder and then on to the 4-in., 4·7-in., 5·5-in. and 6-in. gun. For years these were mounted in batteries along the ship's side or on the open deck, but in the post-war design they were mounted in turrets, arranged in triangles, which gave them a very much more effective fire which was more easily controlled by the directors.

The internal subdivision of the ship was improved by the introduction of the bulge, which was old Admiral Elliott's principle made practicable with alternate layers of water and air. In the early types, monitors and aged cruisers used for bombarding, speed was of no consideration, but the bulge was soon fitted to fast ships and its lines had to be modified in order that they should not interfere too much with the speed. Eventually the knot or two difference made by the best of bulges was avoided by fitting them inside the ship instead of outside, and this has proved to be a much more effective means than the modified bulges fitted to the *Courageous* and *Royal Oak* which failed to stop German torpedoes.

After the late war the problem was still further complicated by the development of torpedo dropping planes, so that nowadays the designer has to consider attacks from over, on, and under the water. With regard to passive defence the antidote is the same, the almost perfect subdivision which is fitted into all modern British ships. In active defence the measures are varied—anti-aircraft batteries, anti-torpedo batteries, depth-charges for the smaller types, screens by destroyers and other small craft, and observation by aircraft. Naval ingenuity is combining the different defences with very good effect. F. B.

THE DEADLY "ASH CAN" WHICH CHECKMATES THE TORPEDO: The barrel-shaped depth-charge



THE DESTROYER SCREEN CAME INTO BEING AS A DEFENCE AGAINST SUBMARINES: A device which necessity invented was the destroyer screen which circled about and around a naval vessel or a group of vessels—part of the yeoman service of the destroyers

THE EXTERNAL "BLISTERS" ON BIG BATTLESHIPS: After the first application of blisters to warships, their size was modified, as shown in this picture of H.M.S. *Revenge*. Subsequently, the blister, itself subdivided, was built in to the hull of a warship, thus obviating the great reduction in speed which the first blisters brought about

AFFAIRS AT HOME Include the Rescue of Pets and a Rush for the Post of Bus Conductor

RESCUED FROM THE RUINS BY A P.D.S.A. ASSISTANT: Large numbers of domestic pets have been rescued from bombed homes after air raids on London by members of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Many an animal is found prowling pathetically round the shattered home

A LITTLE MONGREL RAID VICTIM: This little fellow, no particular beauty, has had his paw hurt in an air raid. He here nobly faces both the camera and the twinge which is doubtless coming as the healing bandage is applied. After a raid, streets in the bombed area are searched for animal victims which have received injury or become separated from their owners. Thousands of animals have been taken to P.D.S.A. clinics since the war started

THE BEACH GUARD ARE VERY SORRY, BUT IT REALLY CANNOT BE DONE: These two little girls, armed with spades, had ideas of a morning on the beach, probably in some hidden nook, but the military guard have intervened. The pair are gently induced to find another playground

A MIGHTY MAN OF TATTOOED BRAWN WEARING A NEW DIVING APPARATUS: This new Salvus diving apparatus is not worn with a diving suit; it is used primarily for entering flooded or smoked-out compartments of a ship. Round the diver's waist is a weighted belt and round his neck an air bag. Pressure of air in the bag can be regulated by the diver by means of valves on the apparatus round his waist

THE JOB OF CONDUCTRESS FOR BUSES IS NOT UNPOPULAR: There was quite a rush of women to the offices of the London Transport Board to fill the posts of conductresses on a number of buses which are augmenting the regular London services. A conductor undertook to show some of these candidates the proper knack with the whistle

THE POST OFFICE CARRIES ON—DESPITE BOMBS

SORTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: Although this mail sorting office in the London area was considerably damaged during an air raid the work goes on almost as usual. The staff carry on at night by candlelight — a great difficulty

WORKING ON AMID THE WRECKAGE: Postmen arranging their loads of mail in a London Post Office which was partly wrecked by a bomb. This is one of the reasons for lateness in delivery of the mails, on occasions

REPAIRING LONDON'S BOMBED TELEPHONE SYSTEM: Post Office Engineer Emergency Squads are busy mending telephone cables in bomb craters in various parts of London. This work enables communication in bombed districts to be re-established with a minimum of delay. When an Alert sounds, these men merely put on their steel helmets and continue their intricate task. In similar fashion the Post Offices of London, too, are carrying on, having been reorganised so that there is now a minimum of delay in the delivery of mails

A MILITARY AGREEMENT WITH CZECHOSLOVAKIA

AN ANGLO-CZECH MILITARY PACT: A military agreement defining the principles on which the Czechoslovakian armed forces in this country will be organised under the supreme command of the Czech Commander-in-Chief for co-operation with the Allied armed forces in the fight against Nazi world domination, was signed between Great Britain and Czechoslovakia at the Foreign Office last week. Lord Halifax (left) is seen signing for Britain and M. Jan Masaryk for Czechoslovakia

WOMEN BUILD BOATS FOR BRITAIN

LEARNING TO BUILD SHIPS: In a large country house women are being trained to take the place of semi-skilled men in the shipbuilding trade who are being called to the colours. The women students are seen tracing plans in the "traffic office"

"CRASHING" A CLOSED PROFESSION: Shipbuilding, one of the trades adopted exclusively by men, has now been opened to women by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, the well-known designer. All types of motor craft are built by him, and when war conditions demanded drastic changes in normal production methods he decided to break down the bar against women workers. From left to right are seen Miss Kay Mason, former domestic servant, Miss Joyce Utting and Miss Jean Gregory, art school students, and Miss Kitty Skinner, office secretary, at work on a motor boat

BELGIUM'S PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON

TO AID BELGIUM'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM: M. Pierlot (centre), Prime Minister of Belgium, and M. Spaak (left), Foreign Minister, seen after their arrival in London to join the War Government of Belgium fighting on the side of Britain for the liberation of their country. They experienced great difficulty in reaching London, travelling through France and Spain. At one time they were arrested after sleeping three nights in a meadow. With them is M. de Fleeschauwer, Minister of Colonies

FIGHTER PILOTS AT A FIGHTER FACTORY

SEEING THEIR PLANES BEING MADE: Pilots of an R.A.F. Fighter Squadron recently visited an aircraft factory where they were able to see the fighter planes they fly actually being made and to witness the assembly of the instrument panels

FIGHTER PILOTS AND BUILDERS: Members of an aircraft factory who recently visited an R.A.F. Fighter Squadron invited the pilots to pay them a return visit. In these two pictures the pilots are seen during this visit: these men, incidentally, between them have destroyed at least thirty enemy machines. One of the British pilots baled out when his machine caught fire, another was shipwrecked and adrift on a raft for three days. The decorations in the party included three D.F.C.s, one A.F.C. and a D.F.M. The Commanding Officer was presented with a model Spitfire

THE USE OF PIGEONS BY THE ARMY

PIGEON POST OF THE ARMY: Releasing an Army pigeon carrying a message from an advance post to headquarters. Patrolling parties are thus enabled to send advance reports to their bases rapidly and surely

WINGED MESSENGERS OF THE ARMY: Inserting a message in the special container which is secured to the leg of the carrier pigeon for dispatch to headquarters

WATCHING FOR THE BIRDS TO ARRIVE: The Royal Corps of Signals of the Northern Command are utilising pigeons to carry messages to headquarters from patrols. The birds are able to cover distances much faster than a dispatch rider. The homing pigeon, which has been trained to land on the loft, goes straight to the nearest clearing headquarters, where a dispatch rider takes the message to the Signals Officer. On the loft the bird enters a trap from which it cannot leave, and the coded message is removed from its leg. As many as a hundred pigeons are thus working in conjunction with the Royal Corps of Signals

An ESCAPE from the WAR

A Golden Memory of Happier Days; An Old Servant's Recollections; And a Note on "Literary Pilfering"

A MEMORY OF HAPPIER DAYS.—I turned up by chance the other day my now neglected game-book, which (foolishly perhaps) I have kept up accurately and continuously since 1900. It opened at a page a year or two back and my eye fell on an entry of November 5. My comment had been: "A perfectly delightful day. The warmest November day recorded for sixty years. Several boys came from Eton on long leave. A happy start flighting duck in the river meadows. We shot until near dark."

The entry was enough to bring the details of that day vividly back to me. (That, indeed, is the only merit of a game-book.) I remember the walk to the "hides," the last whispered instructions, the synchronisation of watches, the order not to fire before zero hour (an order broken by an impulsive Etonian). I recall the glory of the golden and blood-red leaves, the deep blue of the sky (bad for our purpose), the glorious chances which appeared overhead before zero hour. And then the first shot, the rush of wings, the swift discharges and reloading, the glorious shots as the duck rose higher and higher, as the teal dived in and zoomed away, the burning half-hour of thrills under that serene sky and hot sun.

After collecting and counting a satisfactory variety of waterfowl of six or seven species, we moved away to covers and stubbles. What is more satisfactory under a clear blue sky than an old, brightly-painted cock pheasant, flushed in the roots and flying very high and fast back to his own covert above a scurrying covey of partridges?

We moved on and waited, basking in the hot and blessed sunshine, with peeps of the calm blue sea in the distance, in a countryside of the most vivid and brightest colours. The bag increased in size and variety, and when at last darkness fell and even the Eton boys were satisfied, we had gathered about 100 pheasants, 40 partridges, 30 duck and a number of hares, rabbits, snipe and woodcock. The smoke rose steadily up from the chimneys of the cottages, a smell of bonfires was as incense; the sky held nothing but serenity and peace. Peace was on the land and peace in our hearts. We went in to hot baths and tea.

Necessities — Once. — Affording a blessed interlude from household worries, an old family servant came to us to "oblige" during one of the frequent domestic crises which wear down housewives these days. The raw sixteen-year-old girls, trained up by their mothers to rely on tinned food and to miss no possible opportunity to visit the cinema, and encouraged to regard the war as a wonderful opportunity to cultivate the soldiery and nothing else, very seldom stay out their month in any isolated house and are usually fetched away by an angry, indulgent mother at the first hint that life in war is boring or entails a little work.

This old housemaid shook her head over the skimping, feckless, reluctantly-given service of her two temporary assistants and often contrasted the state of things in her youth and now—"below stairs." To her, domestic service was, and remains, an honourable profession, calling for imagination, sympathy, and a sense of responsibility on both sides. She has balance, proportion, and sense of humour. She well knew that the "harm was done" first of all in the Edwardian age and by thoughtless, selfish employers (despite King Edward's efforts to recognise and establish domestic service as an honourable career).

She knew, too, that on the other side the Four Years War and its reactions had a disastrous effect on the best sources from which domestic servants were formerly drawn. Mothers gave up training their daughters in the simple science of domestic work and encouraged them to seek liberty and freedom and colour and romance, those will-o'-the-wisps which flourish in the fœtid atmosphere of the cinema.

In her youth, she must admit, she was the willing victim of a benevolent tyranny. She had spent half her life in one large country house, serving the members of one family. She admitted with humour that her career was largely dictated by her employers, but she valued highly the fact that she was regarded as one of the family, who would never be abandoned in sickness or misfortune, and she considered that the community life in the household had most of the colour and comfort of the best sort of village community life and was never lacking in interest. And though she agreed that country house life, with its merits and defects, was no longer an economic possibility, she could still not accept the low standard of honour and responsibility which to-day was held by a majority of the raw, untrained girls who offer themselves reluctantly as servants to-day.

She thought the balance of mutual failure in the domestic contract had been more than adjusted in favour of the employed, and she blamed the modern domestic servant. It is no doubt an insoluble problem in war or peace to-day and will not grow less insoluble.

The Washing Basket.—I found her one day in the linen room, marking out the washing, and in reminiscent mood. There would, she said, have been four times that amount of washing in a house of this size in her young days. Table napkins for example. There would have been at least thirty in the washing basket. There would have been clean face and hand towels every day in every bedroom. Gentlemen wore their starched evening shirts, let alone collars, once only, and always brought three or four clean starched shirts for a week-end—to allow for accidents. Then tablecloths—they had vanished from the scene, and sheets did double the length of duty. Handkerchiefs, too; a household of six would ensure that at least forty handkerchiefs would require washing each week.

And then she spoke of fires. In winter, when she called her ladies, she invariably laid and lit their bedroom fires. Many of the gentlemen, too, had the same attention paid them. There were fires in every sitting-room and in many passage grates all glowing hot before nine o'clock in the morning and a ton of coal a day was not an extravagant estimate of fuel consumption in a largish country house.

She could remember the day when "water-laid-on" to the upper floors was a rarity and perhaps twenty tin baths and forty large cans of hot and cold water must be set before those fires in bedrooms night or morning.

These truths came back to me as half-forgotten dreams or fairy tales. No doubt domestic service in those days was hard. Because to-day every single possible cause for complaint had been eliminated (and scores more not dreamed of as causes for complaint), she was resolute in condemning the methods and morality of the modern maid.

Literary Pilfering.—The postal censors must have scratched their heads over a pamphlet sent me anonymously (to THE SPHERE offices) from Rio de Janeiro. It was a reprint of an article which appeared in the *Brazilian American* last April and was entitled "Comparison between *A Sucessora* by Carolina Nabuco and *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier." The Brazilian novel was published in 1934, *Rebecca* in 1938. As I have never read the former, I am in no position to judge of any similarities between it and *Rebecca*. I wonder why it was sent me without explanation and anonymously.

The pamphlet affords me a peg for a few observations on what is called "literary pilfering" in those rare instances when a case can be made out.

In novels as in life no ideas are *new*—that is to say, it is always possible to trace the source of an idea farther back. The idea of flying, or of radio, or of submarines, or of relativity, are as old as time, or at least as old as the first records of man as a thinking animal. The case against an alleged pilferer of novel plots can only be made out by the exhaustive methods of circumstantial evidence. One isolated similarity is nothing at all. Two, three, four links in such a chain prove nothing definite. The links which make up the chain of circumstantial evidence must be very, very many before a shadow of a case is made out.

There have been several famous instances of alleged literary pilfering. I cannot recall more than one or two which have ever been accepted as proved. There are only about half a dozen forms which a novel plot can take. Thousands are published every year; hundreds are as like as two peas in some of their essentials, plot, play of character on character, motif or argument.

Some years ago Dr. Cronin was, I believe, "under examination" for certain similarities common to one of his novels and the famous *House with the Green Shutters*. A lot of ink was spilt over the controversy, but Dr. Cronin came out unconvicted and cleared.

The truth is that a novelist is a part of all that he has read (as well as seen), and every one of us who thinks at all is a pilferer of the thoughts of his fathers and forefathers. I fancy, too, it is easier for a novelist to build his own skeleton and clothe it than to uncover and reflesh another's skeleton.

J. G.

WHAT THE RAIDS REVEALED OF THE "GAY LIFE" OF TWO WARS AGO: After a recent air raid on London, the blast from a falling bomb stripped a hoarding of its mass of posters, bringing to light this playbill of forty years ago—which was at the very bottom. It is a London Hippodrome announcement of a popular attraction of the time of the Boer War, and announces the appearance of Miss Mary Arnotis, "the beautiful Greek athlete," who drew the town with her "strong woman" act in those nebulous days of forty years ago. The picture of the lady is most alluring!

Make Schweppes your drink
for any season
Proclaimed the best
for every reason

SCHWEPPES DRY

SCHWEPPES

A VICTIM OF RANDOM BOMBING: Holland House, Lord Ilchester's historic house just off Kensington High Street, has been extensively damaged in a recent raid. A fire was started in one of the towers by an oil bomb and a "Molotov breadbasket" scattered a shower of incendiary bombs on the building. Firemen managed to save the east wing but the rest of the building is just a shell. Fortunately the treasures of Holland House were removed to safety on the outbreak of the war but a number of valuable books in the famous library, which is seen above, were destroyed

THE OLDER GENERATION WORK ON AT GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL: A score of elderly men, most of them seventy years old, are still working on the new £300,000 Cathedral at Guildford. Sixty craftsmen were formerly engaged on the work but all the younger men have been called to the services. Mr. C. Frankis, Clerk of the Works, who is in charge of the construction, can be seen directing operations from the platform. Guildford Cathedral will be England's first to have concreted beams

AN A.B. AND M.A. COMBINED: One of the more unusual sights provided by the war was witnessed a few days ago at Oxford, when a member of the University took his M.A. degree. He is here seen as an A.B., and his sailor's uniform makes a strange contrast with the cap and gown

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LAST OF THE BENSON REMINISCENCES

"Final Edition" Completes the Memoirs of the Late E. F. Benson

WITH the sadly prophetic title of FINAL EDITION (Collins. 15s.), the late E. F. Benson has rounded off his reminiscences which began in *As We Were*, and which were continued in *As We Are*.

"I go back," he says, "to a day of early summer in the year 1900, when first the green front door of the majestic house confronted me. It had no handle, no hole for the insertion of a latchkey, and only a large brass knocker. Henry James had met me at the station. . . ." It was his first meeting with Henry James, and his first visit to Lamb House, Rye, in which in later years he was himself to live and to recreate therein yet another literary tradition.

Characteristically, E. F. Benson declares that he was on terms of familiar adoration with the entrancing folk of Henry James' earlier novels. "But we could not all follow him when he declared to my mother that his work of this period was sub-aqueous, and that he had now got his head above water. Some of us—I refuse to damn myself directly—would have liked him to have continued amphibious, at any rate, for ever."

The year was 1900 and there followed many pages of characteristic description and anecdote of that period before the last war which to us to-day seems almost as remote as anything could be from the past. His brothers, Robert Hugh and Arthur Benson, his sister Maggie, the curious Frederick Rolfe, who called himself Baron Corvo, the ubiquitous J. E. Brooks, with whom he shared a house at Capri, Sir Edmund Gosse, Dr. Axel Munthe, Mary Cholmondeley, the author of *Red Pottage*, and a whole lot of other famous people of those days march characteristically through his pages.

He would have it that it was almost by an accident that he went to live at Lamb House after Henry James died in 1916. At any rate he entered into possession, lived some of the happiest years of his life there, and is proud to record that he not only became a Freeman of the Borough of Rye, but also its Mayor.

In his later years, Benson was crippled by one of the most persistently painful maladies known to mankind. But it is characteristic that some of the most lively pages of this volume concern his long drawn out battle with the disease. Neither that, nor any other of the distresses or stresses of life seem to have damped his unfailing good humour.

On the subject of Rye, for instance, he could scarcely avoid reference to its smuggling history, in the course of which we come across this passage: "Nowadays, highly respectable ladies, who could be perfectly trusted if they found stray cash lying about in their friends' houses, conceal wads of lace and other taxable commodities on their persons when they cross the Channel. Also the evasion of income tax calls forth high mental qualities." That is a typical touch, as indeed is the story of the lady in church who, finding the sustained responses of the Litany too much for her in a kneeling position, sat back and proceeded to pin up her back hair, only to be reminded at the end of the Litany that in doing so she had pinned to her head the beard of a learned divine kneeling behind her.

The book ends when, after three years of office as Mayor of Rye, "I was back in Lamb House again, free to spend my time as I chose." Alas, that that time should have been so short.

Suffolk is Miss Doreen Wallace's own county, and there is no contemporary novelist more at home than she with the land, with its problems, and with the people who live on and by it. THE SPRING RETURNS (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is her new novel set in the familiar background, but this time with the shadow of war and the problems of war threaded through it.

Richard Blundell was a farmer in a fairly large way, but as unprosperous as most of his class. His wife, Hester, was an artist who was able to earn more to provide the necessities of life than Richard could ever have hoped to have extracted from his Suffolk farm. They had two children, both at difficult ages, and none too easy in character.

Their marriage had not been unhappy, but, like so many marriages which had started out with bright hopes, it had fallen into a kind of desultory acceptance, at least on the part of one of them. That one being Hester, it was not unreasonable to suppose that when a handsome young Air Force officer called Lowry, from a neighbouring air station, entered their lives, something disturbing was bound to happen.

Miss Wallace's heroine is of a type that would not easily fall for or make havoc of such a situation. Nor was Lowry the man to rush his fences, and the whole thing develops into one of those excruciating situations in which the husband is such a good fellow that nothing can be done about it. Or, at least, nothing much. But of course it all had to boil up some time, and then the war intervened, and Lowry had to die before the die was cast. Nothing remains but for Hester to re-compose herself and to remake her life with the affable and adoring Richard.

This novel is neither the best nor the most profound of Miss Doreen Wallace's works, but, like the practised novelist she is, she renders it convincing, and of course the background of the Suffolk landscape, the farming life and community, the local dialect, and the hundred and one atmospheric touches which go to make a good rural novel are all here.

ESCAPE: Franz Werfel, the author, seen on his arrival in New York where he told a vivid story of how he and his wife made their escape from Nazi-dominated Europe by an "underground railway" system. He reached the United States via Marseilles, Barcelona and Lisbon where he boarded the liner *Nea Hellas* which also took fourteen other foreign authors and their families to the United States

Lord Dunsany's Jorkens is by now too famous a literary figure to need any re-introduction or encomium from a reviewer. Through this unique character Lord Dunsany has given of his best in the creation of story and anecdote which nearly always borders fantasia.

JORKENS HAS A LARGE WHISKY (Putnam. 8s. 6d.) is the latest volume. Some of these episodes have already appeared in magazine form, but their freshness and originality are in no way impaired by that. This is a book to be savoured, to be dipped into, to be picked up at odd moments and to be used as an excellent antidote to the grim realities of the present day.

Another collection of short stories, also highly to be recommended on the same score, is Mr. Carter Dickson's THE DEPARTMENT OF QUEER COMPLAINTS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Detective story addicts will need no exhortation to go for Mr. Carter Dickson's latest, nor will they be disappointed in this collection of his shorter efforts in that direction. They may be surprised, however, to find that Mr. Dickson is as practised a hand at ghosts as he is at criminals, and one of the ghost stories in this book can at least be said to be the best of the whole collection.

Yet another volume of short stories is Miss Marguerite Steen's A KIND OF INSOLENCE (Collins. 7s. 6d.). Here is a writer who no less a critic than Sir Hugh Walpole said, "is one of the few English-born and consecrated novelists."

If these stories have no connecting theme, they are at least strongly characteristic, for Miss Marguerite Steen has more than once proved herself to be a master of conciseness and economy, and in this volume provides evidence that she can also exhibit those gifts within the difficult compass of the short story. Readers who find it difficult to make the sustained effort of concentration on a long piece of fiction in these days will welcome such a volume, for it can be recommended as being consistently good.

That Awkward Moment

when children plead for something sweet

IT'S hard to explain to children the present need for conserving shipping space. The only space they are interested in is the hollow space just below their ribs.

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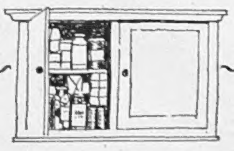

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[1] *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein, one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*

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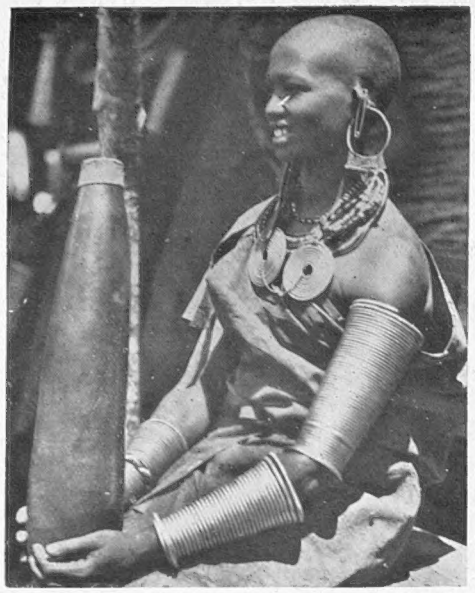
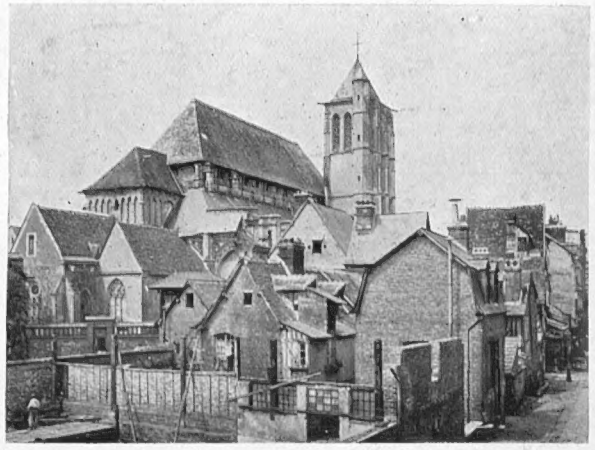
A PAGE OF PICTURES IN THE NEWS

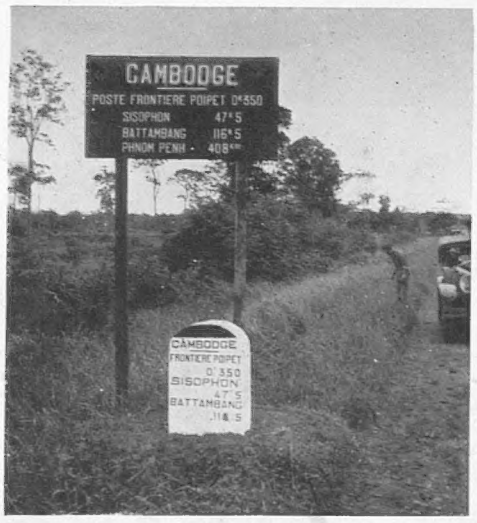


THE MASAI WOMEN OFFER METAL TO THE NAIROBI GOVERNMENT: These girls wear from 12 to 15 lb. of copper wire as arm and leg ornaments. They are offering some tons of the metal for war purposes. This girl is carrying a tall milk bottle

A LITTLE KNOWN AFRICAN VOLCANO BECOMES ACTIVE: Oldonyo Lengai, "the Mountain of Gold," a volcano sacred to the Masai, has been throwing out lava and red hot ashes. A large stretch of country has been scorched. The first recorded eruption of the peak occurred in 1917



A POPULAR FRENCH HOLIDAY RESORT BOMBED BY THE GERMANS: A report from occupied France states that Pont Audemer (above), Caudebec and other picturesque spots on and near the Seine had been badly damaged by the Germans during the advance into France

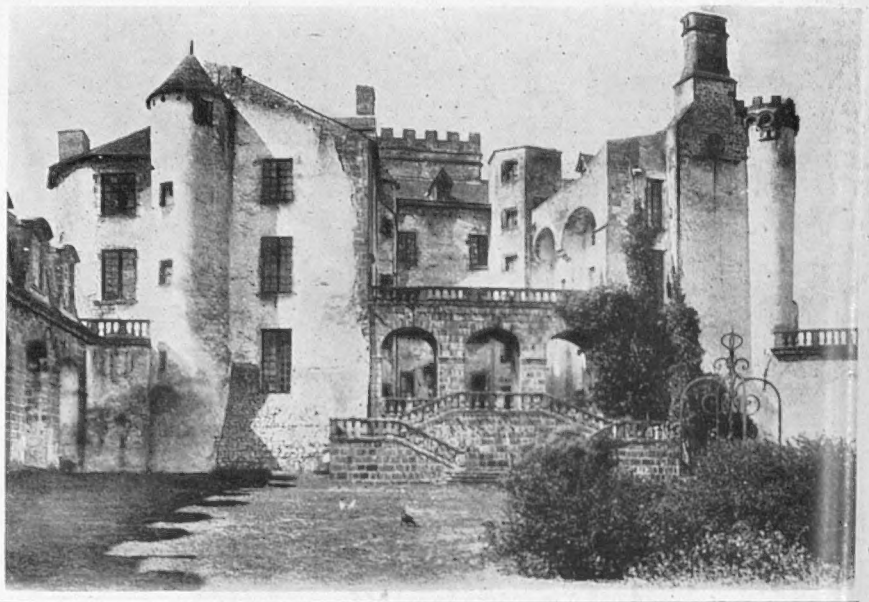


On left—

A SIGNPOST IN A WAR-STRAINED AREA: This frontier post is on the Cambodia-Siam road. The information is repeated above and below. The view is taken from Siam looking into Indo-China

On right—

A FRENCH CASTLE IN WHICH NOTABLE FRENCHMEN ARE CONFINED: It is difficult to realise that in this picturesque chateau-like castle of Chazeron, near Clermont-Ferrand, the following group of outstanding French personalities are confined by the Vichy Government—M. Daladier, M. Reynaud, M. Mandel and General Gamelin. The castle is stated to be surrounded by a deep moat which should prove a bar to escape



BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR CALLING!

THE Prime Minister has disclosed that a large proportion of the 92,000 British casualties are Prisoners of War in Germany. These men face an autumn and winter of great strain and appalling monotony and their urgent need is for something to occupy their minds during the long months of waiting. We are sending each Prisoner of War, as soon as his name reaches us, a first "Capture" parcel, containing the Oxford Little Bible (a source of great comfort to men in captivity), a set of chess and draughts, a novel or "thriller" and a pack of playing cards, together with a printed postcard on which he is asked to state his own preferences (whether for light or serious reading) for future monthly parcels. We also send sporting equipment, music and gramophones, so that the men can organise team games, impromptu concerts, etc., to keep up their spirits. Will YOU please help forward this vital work and prove to our men that THEY ARE NOT FORGOTTEN? Donations, large or small, are most urgently needed and will be gratefully received by

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE correct technique to employ in that game of our childhood, hide and seek, was to find a safe and secret corner from which one could emerge triumphant when all the danger was past.

After a week or so of nights spent in air-raid shelters in London, I set off to find peace from the peril that flies by night, and this week I will tell you of some safe corners I have discovered down Devon way. If you were to take train from Paddington Torquay-wards, you would find the line winding beyond Paignton, towards the tiny station of Churston, and then to its finale at Kingswear, on the sheltered Dart. Half a mile from the tranquil setting of Churston Station are the lodge gates of Lupton, until recently the country seat of a member of the peerage.

Driving down the 600-yd.-long drive, the sound of traffic on the main Torquay–Brixham road passes from crescendo to pianissimo until, as the hotel comes into view, the silence is complete, except for the song of birds. What a peaceful corner! English meadowland and woodland in all its autumn beauty. Out of range of sirens, completely immune from all military objectives, and invisible to the airman overhead, Lupton is the perfect sanctuary, for unlike the hiding places of our youth, there is no feeling of being cramped. Lupton indeed, even when full, seems spacious, yet there is never any feeling of coldness. Huge fires, a friendly management who find nothing too much trouble in their efforts to make you at home, and a treasure of a cook who knows how to keep you warm inside, combine to create that idyllic home for which so many must now be looking for the autumn and coming winter; and all this comfort is available from 4 guineas a week, inclusive, as from October 1.

And now I will reveal to you another corner, as perfect in its own sphere. We continue to Kingswear at the end of the line; a three-minute walk, with signboards to direct us, and out of earshot of trains we arrive at one of those branches of Paradise so often to be found in the most unlikely places.

The Riverside Private Hotel at Kingswear is well named; facing full south, it dominates the mouth of the Dart and the sea beyond, as does Dartmouth Castle on the opposite bank. By several paths one descends, past seats in sheltered alcoves, to the hotel's mooring and bathing station; by several paths one climbs up behind the hotel to survey the celery and fresh lettuce for to-morrow's lunch.

Looking down on the magical scene from the windows of this attractive house, I raised the ever present question of air raids. "We have had no fun at all," the young proprietress told me. "It is so peaceful that it is only from the wireless we are reminded that there is a war on."

And I can well believe it; the Riverside Hotel is not only sheltered from the air menace alone, but from the colder elements of winter around. Set on a hillside facing due south is natural protection enough, but within, central heating and big coal fires see to it that this peaceful corner of Devon has no chilly corners when that other foe, Jack Frost, makes his appearance.

Sometimes we find, from childhood experience, that the best hiding place is one that was almost obvious, and my theme for this week will be complete if we add to the list of Devon corners the Redcliffe Hotel, Paignton. Those who have, in past winters, enjoyed the more bracing qualities of Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings, will find in the Redcliffe just what they are seeking.

Though a largish hotel of some 100 rooms, it has none of the ostentatious grandeur of the big establishment. It is a friendly, family type of hotel; there is warmth both in your welcome and your surroundings. The staff are friendly. Coal fires burn merrily in the public rooms, there is central heating in every bedroom, and always something going on.

A rubber of bridge, the best billiards table I have come across in Devon. A very busy little cocktail lounge, and a "homey" Saturday night dance. The winter terms are from 4 guineas.

Posts are abnormally erratic these days, and as I re-read this article, another post comes in, and with it a "bouquet" letter from a reader, thanking me for my recommendation of another "corner" or at least a bend in the Devon countryside which should take its place with Kingswear and Churston Ferrers. The winding street of Bishopsteignton, a village set high above the silvery Teign, is a picture in itself; the sloping lawns of Huntly, the country house hotel whose high white walls protect you from the inquiring eyes of the passer-by, is another picture, and a welcome one in these days when anything suggestive of peace, if even only temporarily, is balm to the soul.

A wide verandah flanks the house on the garden side, on which the sun beats down even in the autumn with a warmth that will surprise you. Rose-red creeper and michaelmas daisies compete for the high spots of colour against a garden wall, and when you are tired of stationary loveliness, you can use up some energy, climbing a steep path that winds up a hillside, and rewards you at the top with a view of half a county.

War-time rationing naturally puts real luxury feeding out of a housekeeper's reckoning, but you can do a little reckoning on your own account if you stay at Huntly; you can reckon that all the food will be of the best and beautifully served—and you will be right.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

I. F., Woking.—I am afraid the Cotswolds are fearfully full just now; what about Winchcomb, which is also in Gloucestershire, and a very lovely part of it at that? The Abbey Cottage in this quaint old town would, I know, suit you. Or there is Shuthonger Manor, a mile or so from Tewkesbury.

S. D., Barnet.—I do not know of many Guest Houses in the Shrewsbury area, but I can tell you of an excellent hotel. Hawkstone Park Hotel, Weston-under-Redcastle, is 10 miles from Shrewsbury, and I think would suit you very well. There is excellent golf there, in the grounds, fishing in the lake, and plenty of attractive walks. You suggest going "on spec"; I don't think this would be wise, as at the present time so very many people have immigrated to country areas.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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In these anxious days we are all passing through, there are troubles and worries enough for everyone, and yet all are doing their best to "Go to it." This Society is carrying on under more than difficult circumstances, and the work is more important than ever; old boys and girls are in great numbers serving the Empire in her hour of need. The Society must have funds to carry on; will you help. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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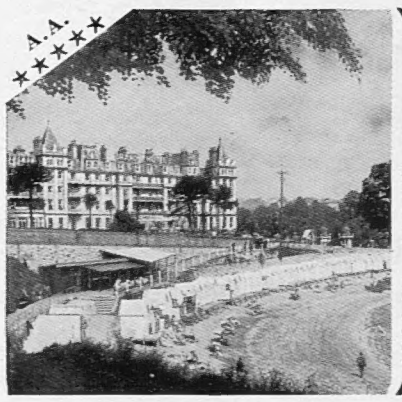

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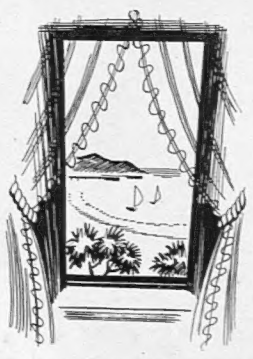

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Continued on facing page

Good work—good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

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